

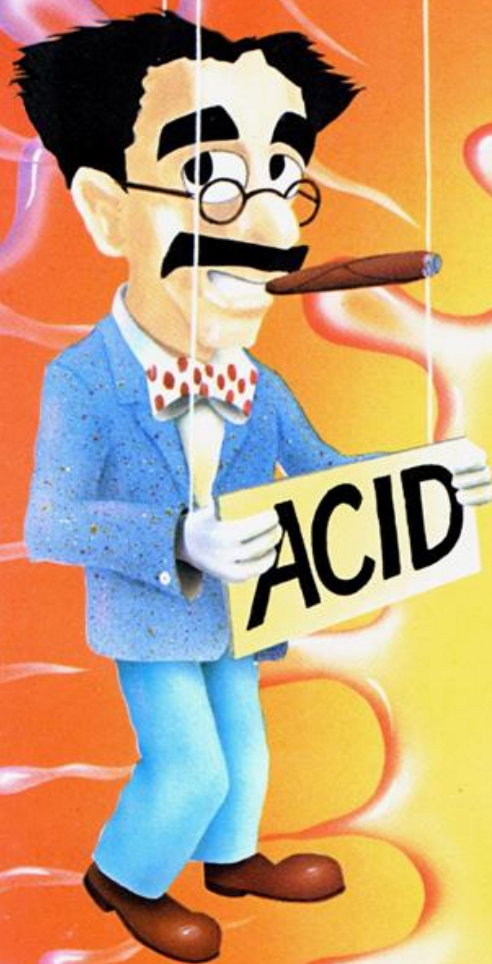
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HIGH TIMES

February 1981 \$2.50

I Dropped Acid with Groucho

by Paul Krassner



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HIGH TIMES

Volume 66 February '81

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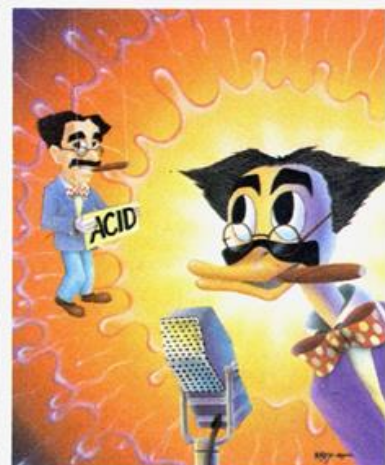
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February 1981 • No. 66 • High Times (ISSN #0017-789X) is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation, Andy Kowl, President • Mail subscriptions (payable in U.S. funds) and changes of address (please include most recent mailing label) to Box 965, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735 • Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue or for change of address • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$21, 24 issues for \$39 • Single copy price: \$2.50 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$27, 24 issues for \$49 • All other countries by surface mail: 12 issues for \$27 • All other countries by airmail: \$49 • Send all mail to High Times, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003 • Offices at 116 East 27th St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (no mail to this address) • Controlled circulation postage paid at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Copyright © 1981 by Trans-High Corporation. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without specific written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. "High Times" is a registered trademark. High Times and Trans-High Corporation assume no responsibility for any claims or representations contained in this magazine or in any advertisement, nor do they encourage the illegal use of any of the products advertised herein. **All advertising and advertised products void where prohibited.** Postmaster: Please send address changes and form 3579 to High Times, P.O. Box 965, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

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Letters.



Thanks for the Mammaries

I just can't thank you enough for using my picture in your "High Society" column this past September. To date I have received over 700 pieces of mail, not including countless marriage proposals, a round-trip ticket to Texas sent by a college football team (which I returned) and a mink stole (which I kept). Thanks again and if there's ever anything I can do for you, please let me know.

—Sondra Fortunato
(Miss Body Beautiful)

A Nympho Writes . . .

Why don't you guys wake up and get some sexy pictures of men in bikini underwear (with close-up shots of the crotch so women can see their penises and balls jiggling around)? Though you may lose some male readers, you'd be performing a valuable service to the thousands of women who read your magazine religiously every month.

—Name and address withheld

Deutschland Uber Alles

You say on the last page of HIGH TIMES, October 1980: Only in America—virtually alone now, out of all the nations on the earth—can you freely sell, buy and read HIGH TIMES magazine! THIS IS NOT TRUE! Since issue No. 1 from 1974 (or was it 1975?) we do distribution of 500 copies each month in good old Germany! And we never got busted with it. Yes we got busted with all the American dope books from And/Or Press and others but after two years and three trials, we finally win and got back all the books last month.

But never any of your

magazines have been busted here.

—Raymond Martin,
Linden, West Germany

What They Don't Know Can't Bust You

My friends and I are currently chewing on some excellent coca leaves thanks to the nice people at U.S. Customs.

"Anything to declare?" he said.

"Yes," I said, "A half kilo of the finest Peruvian coca leaves."

A large black man in uniform buries his head in the plastic, emerges smiling and says, "Fine, you're through and have a nice time."

And having a nice time we are.

—Timothy Cornelius,
New York, N.Y.

Lower Prices . . .

We would like to call attention to what we consider unfair practices in the growing, selling and distribution of domestic marijuana in this country.

Why should consumers pay imported prices for domestic weed? We consider it unfair to pay a grower in *this* country the same price as a smuggler who must risk foreign jails, smuggle out of one country and then into another, and also pay transportation and traveling expenses, as opposed to local farming with much less overhead. Granted, the local grower is taking some risk, but often (as in Northern California counties) he works within supportive communities with sympathetic leaders. Although his operational costs are high (and an economic boom to the local county), they are still well below the cost of smuggled weed.

—Consumers Rebelling Against
Pot Prices

. . . Give Us a Break

As I sit here behind bars reading an old issue of HIGH TIMES that I managed to smuggle in, I feel compelled to write and let the readers know why dope prices are so high. My two buddies and I were recently popped with over 3,200 top-grade eighth-generation sinse plants. They were as high as 15 feet and putting out approximately one ounce per plant per day. The flowers were purple with crown colas the size of your forearm. With only six weeks to harvest, they came. Planes and 50 policemen all with pump shotguns surrounded the 40 acres, not to mention the FBI, DEA and state and federal troopers. It was the biggest bust in New Mexico history.

We now face three years' imprisonment if convicted. So the next time you're toking on some fine sinse and bitch about the price, just think about the crime and those of us looking at time.

—Bill Bailly,
Behind bars in
New Mexico

Keeping America Safe for Neurosis

I am presently collecting data for a book on psychiatric maltreatment. I would like to ask your readers who have encountered destructive, unethical, sadistic or counterproductive treatment from psychiatrists, psychoanalysts or psychotherapists to share these stories with us. All replies will be kept confidential. We would, of course, appreciate as much documentation as possible.

We are hoping, by collecting and publishing these stories, to alert present and future mental health services consumers to the abuses most commonly practiced by psychotherapists. Telling your story could keep it from happening to someone else.

—Jacqueline Brittain, Ph.D.
P.O. Box 821
Hilo, Hawaii 96720

We-a-Culpa

It has been brought to my attention that Tuli Kupferberg's article on page 61 of your November issue attributes a quote by Pete Townshend to *Rolling Stone* magazine. As it happens, that quote ("I am the establishment," the italics are ours) was taken by *Rolling Stone* from an extensive interview done for *Trouser Press* and printed in full in *Trouser Press's* April and May 1978 issues.

I would appreciate your correcting the attribution of the quote—*Rolling Stone* gets enough credit, and this was one case where a small magazine scooped the majors. Thanks in advance.

—Ira Robbins, Publisher
Trouser Press
New York, N.Y.

Put That In Your Pipe and Smoke It
"Mighty Sorry" ("Letters," Nov. '80) is partially correct when he says that smoking marijuana is an escape. What he doesn't realize is that it's an escape from self-righteous, proselytizing assholes like himself. His pathetic whining over being made "lazy, dull-witted, stupid and incapable of discipline" after 40 years of dope smoking sounds like a feeble attempt to rationalize a life wasted, not through the use of any drug, but rather, owing to enormous emotional and psychological shortcomings.

—Purely Pissed,
Bellflower, Cal.

Correction

Several photo credits were omitted on pp. 32–33 and 86–87 of our December 1980 issue. Kissinger and Brezhnev: Camera 5; Meredith: Wide World; Hargis: Religious News Service; Charles et Lucie: Courtesy of Nu-Image Films (Distributors); *How to Beat the High Cost of Living*: Courtesy American International/Filmways. We regret any inconvenience this may have caused.—Ed. □

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Terry Southern: novelist, essayist, filmmaker, Hollywood screenwriter and all around bon vivant. He first became famous in 1964 when his classic *Candy* became a best-seller. At the same time, he was sending the country into successive fits of laughter and outrage with his film *Dr. Strangelove* (an acknowledged satiric masterpiece, directed by Stanley "2001" Kubrick). Having spent the better part of the '70s among the puke peddlers of Hollywood, Southern managed to emerge unscathed and with enough wherewithal to set up housekeeping on a 30-acre farm

Who's

in Connecticut. Just in case you didn't know, his short story running this month, "Blood of a Wig," has been hailed by all as the apotheosis of dope humor.

Joe Schenkman, who wrote and illustrated our tale of Tuinal Corner, has previously written for *HIGH TIMES* on such subjects as sniffing solvents, huffing

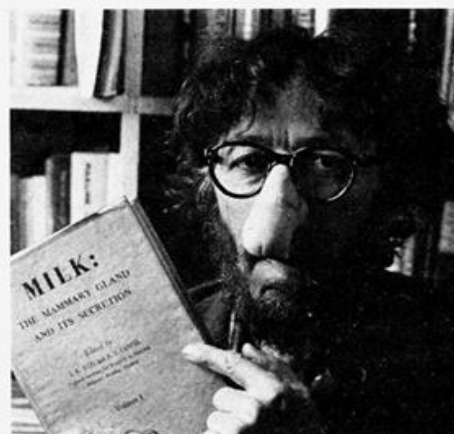


Humphrey Sutton

glue Southern style, and losing money at the racetrack. Joe is a contributing editor of the *National Lampoon*, as well as treasurer of their unique Kustom Kar Krash Klub, a club that actually *pays* its members to join, provided they send in a snapshot of a really funny car that finds its way into the True Facts section of that magazine. "Payment is \$29.99 per accepted photo," says Schenkman. "Regular club dues are \$1.99, which guarantees you a lifetime membership card, a bumper sticker, a couple of bad buttons, and probably plenty of trouble from the Highway Patrol." When not touting the illustrious glories of his Krash Klub, Joe's hobbies include hopped-up cars, stripped-down girls, and playing three-card monte. His favorite color is Bar-B-Q black.

Taking his rightful place among the great medical practitioners of the past—Hippocrates, Galen, Louis Pasteur—is *HIGH TIMES* adviser **Dr. Martin K. Fuck**. For years Dr. Fuck has served as personal physician to *HIGH TIMES* staff members and their families, graciously dispensing everything from chewable aspirin to heroin suppositories without so much as

high?



Jessica D.L. Jason

batting a bloodshot eye. His exploits at office parties are legion; he can always be relied upon to perk up the droopiest of social gatherings with his caustic wit and custom-made gold-plated monogrammed proctoscope. Now you can enjoy the good doctor's drooling bedside manner in the privacy of your own home. Look for him in "Seeds 'n' Stems": He'll be the one with the stains down the front of his pants.

Known affectionately around the office as "The Defiant Ones," **Michael Kearney** and **Charles Brown** can usually be found holed up in their storeroom/office sampling potential centerfolds. Charles, a most engaging fellow, boasts of being descended from a great race of African kings who ruled the legendary Muscatel tribe. Michael, the unctuous son of an itinerant kielbasa stuffer, showed little promise as a child. Constantly referred to by his parents as "that thing in the corner," he managed to nourish himself on dreams of one day working for a semireputable national magazine. Together these two see to it that everything around here runs smoothly and that there's at least one editor who's straight on any given day. □



Senja Roden



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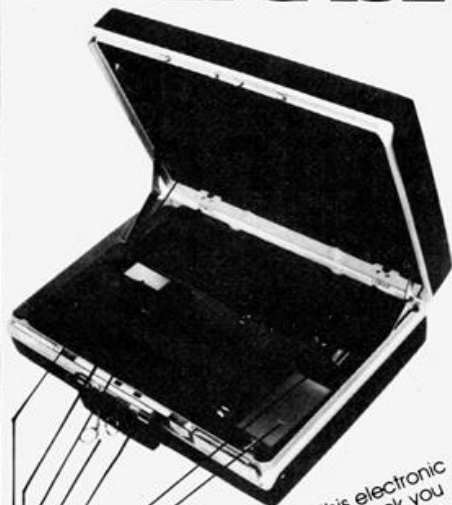
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Connoisseur.

Rebel Weed

by "R."

Sometimes the prophetic powers of my connoisseur's talents astonish even me. From my very first taste, two years ago, of a small batch of Arkansas sinsemilla, I knew there was something extra special about Southern-grown grass. I knew that if conditions turned out right, the South would rise again—and get the rest of the country high with it.

Faithful readers will recall that way back then I made a memorable distinction between the new Southern sinsemilla and the California variety, a distinction that still holds true: Southern sinse has the wild, untamed, live rhythms of Southern rock 'n' roll whereas the California sinse has the more refined, fine-tuned high of laid-back L.A. studio rock—the Eagles as opposed to the Allman Brothers—Marshall Tucker sound.

And you might recall that in my Second Annual Pot Awards last year Southern grass like Ozark Wonder Weed, "Southern Belle" and Carter Country cannabis made strong showings. I knew I was onto something hot, but it wasn't until this season that it became clear that Southern grass was going to be sweeping the nation, threatening to become America's High of the Future.

It took a complex combination of factors to bring about this exciting new development in dope smoking.

First there is history. The South, of course, was the first gateway through which ganja entered America's stream of consciousness. From New Orleans and the Tex-Mex border "good green gage," as Mezz Mezzrow called it, first made its way north, borne aloft by the notes of the music men who created jazz. You could probably trace the Southern heritage further back to our founding father's hemp plantation in Virginia, but no one can say for sure whether George Washington got high off his hemp.

But the post-'60s history of Southern hemp growing is at least as interesting as its origins. Because there's been a fascinating merging of two cultures in the past two decades: the old-fashioned backwoods bootlegger and the newfangled back-to-the-land Southern hippie. Both share a love of the land, an outlaw sensibility and a loathing for revenooers whether their initials be ATF or DEA. And now the sweet harmony of the herb has brought bootlegger and hippie



together to the greater glory of us all.

It took several factors to make this blissful marriage of marijuana growing blossom. First, the range of Southern climates seems ideal for bringing out a whole range of pod personalities—everything from dank, swampy Delta grass with roots in mangrove swamp muck and a high that's like magnolia heaven, to high piney Ozark wacky weed with a Southern touch of gothic strangeness in the smoke.

And let's not forget the mystery factor in the Southern sinsemilla boom: the fact that the federal pot farm—the place where



Jack Abraham

they grow all the dope they can use to torture animals in fiendish experiments to prove pot poisonous—is located in the heart of magnolia-blossom Mississippi. There are rumors circulating in some Southern cities that several years ago a shipment of potent seeds disappeared from the federal farm and that some Johnny Appleseed made them available to certain worthy agricultural entrepreneurs. You may be smoking an heir to Uncle Sam's seeds this year.

But the biggest factor in the rise of Southern sinsemilla has been the fall of the Colombian trade. Customs and DEA

crackdowns, blockades and satellite surveillance have cut off the Colombian crop, forced the South to become self-sufficient and—when they discovered how good they were at growing it—turned the importer kingpins into growers and exporters. In the past two years, what was once the “Colombian connection” between the South and the teeming masses of the marijuana-starved East Coast has become a Southern homegrown connection—and if you ask me, we’re all better off for it.

These Southern planters know how to grow. Even their mistakes are glorious.

Take Hayseed Weed. That’s the name we gave some funky Arkansas elephant buds that blew into town a while ago. They looked big, thick and bushy with a wild perfume like a civet cat in heat. Looked like something you’d run into off the Kona coast if you followed your nose and got lucky. In fact, some people were selling it as Hawaiian.

But it was genuine Arkansas shaggy, more like a mastodon than an elephant bud. Anyway, the only problem with this weed was that whatever hayseed had been growing it had literally let it go to seed. Probably up fooling with his copper kettles and slurping white lightning from a jar when it was time to mind his crop. And so the plant had taken the opportunity to go hogwild with fertility—it just blossomed to the bursting point with big fat seeds like bunches of ripe grapes. Not much else beneath the outer leaves that clothed the bud but these big seed clusters. When you broke off some to roll a joint you found that the only smokeable stuff you were getting was the rubbings from the fuzzy outer casings of the seeds. These velvety encrustations were a delight to behold but you ended up getting a small handful of joints out of a whole quarter ounce at prohibitively high prices. Still, it was a memorable high, *grandly* seedy in the best tradition of ruined Southern mansions and Neil Young songs. A high that was a mingled feeling of nobility and decadence, gone with the wind and born again in the plant.

And the seeds themselves weren’t a total loss. They were, in fact, the biggest, fattest seeds I’d seen in a long time, and with their resin rubbed off they shone like tiger-striped beach balls. They looked like they had enough raw power to survive Northern winters and I know they

continued on page 97

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by Michael Stepanian

Please, don't fuck with Customs. Though in December we learned that the Fourth Amendment prohibits the cops from searching anyone without a warrant based on probable cause, there are exceptions. The most important of these involves the border search. The constitutional safeguards that protect you in most other situations tend to evaporate when you go up against the Customs man. Border searches affect anyone coming into the country, and if the cops have their way, they might soon affect anyone leaving the country as well.

In fact, things have gotten to a point where even on domestic airline flights cops are requesting passengers to open their bags for inspection. In this case, though, you're well within your rights to tell them to go stuff it and walk away.

Okay, you've been warned. Now let's run down what's likely to happen when you decide to mess with these guys.

Even before you get your bags, DEA and Customs officials are checking you out, sauntering around the receiving area looking for individuals they suspect to be drug couriers. They look for people overly nonchalant, they look for people acting uptight, they look for nervous people walking around like they've got a rod up their ass. In other words, forget about the "DEA profile" everybody fits. To be sure, these are all very subjective criteria (nervousness, nonchalance, etc.) on which to base an investigation, but in border cases it's more than enough.

While your bags are being checked a computer might be spitting out information regarding your prior trips, associations with known drug dealers, and criminal record (if any). Then, if they wish, they can open your bags and rummage around while asking you all sorts of questions: Where do you work? Are you on vacation? Why did you pick Colombia? Also, even at the preliminary stage, everything on your person can be searched as well. If this initial investigation turns up anything suspicious, you will be moved into "secondary."

They get you into secondary (a small private room filled with DEA and Customs officials) based on a *real* suspicion that you might be a courier. Real suspicion can be: a jar of Vaseline in your luggage, a pack of prophylactics, the cash purchase of your airline ticket, the fact that your passport showed several short stays in drug-producing countries, or even confused answers to their questions. In secondary you can expect to be patted down thoroughly, asked another shitload of questions and be strip-searched. The agents will try their best to slip you up; they'll frighten you, they'll threaten you, they'll play good cop-bad cop and run all of those other authority games on your head. They'll try to rattle

Getting Off.



you, to trick you into making a mistake. Keep your cool. You can even get a little indignant at them, get as pissed off as any innocent person who was being run through their meat grinder. Important: Do not go to the bathroom and try and lose anything down the toilet. They watch you when you go in there, and if necessary they'll turn the water off so you won't be able to flush.

If and when they strip-search you, take off all your clothes and stand with your arms raised. They'll begin poking around, checking out your body cavities for a *clear indication* that you actually are attempting to smuggle something into the country. Clear indications are: protuberances (a condom full of coke sticking out your ass), Vaseline smeared around the rectal or vaginal regions, unnatural bulges, et cetera. If and *only* if they find such evidence, they can proceed with a cavity check. Now, if they strip-searched you and have found nothing, they might ask you to stick around and get X-rayed. No

way. If they came up empty, you're within your rights to get dressed and split—immediately.

You don't have to be an Einstein to figure out that few people get rich trying to put one over on Customs. The people who are smart enough not to deal with Customs own beachfront property. Sure, you hear all those fantastic stories about people getting stuff through Customs. But the horror stories of not making it through are heard far more frequently. Sure, your Uncle Harry gets caught trying to smuggle half a dozen Rolex watches and he just gets a small fine. But you get caught with just one joint in your pocket and you're gonna do time. Knowing all this, if you still insist on trying your luck, remember: Try to act natural, don't let them intimidate you, spend extra time in producing countries, keep your passport clean, never pay for plane tickets with cash, leave the Vaseline home and don't flush.

Next month, cars. □

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS AD?



WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT'S ABOUT?

It's the low-down on growing the finest Sinsemilla around. It's a publication called the "Ole Homegrown Quarterly". It's the most complex growing methods broken down into a system as easy as painting by numbers. It provides vital information that is valuable whether you have been growing for years or just starting on your first crop.

The Quarterly starts you from seed:

"The best way of (storing seeds) is to put them into a glass jar with a tightly fitting lid (like a canning jar), put two or three tablespoons of powdered milk into a piece of paper towel, fold and put into the jar with the seeds."

and goes on:

"...the importance of good light. That is a factor which can definitely make or break a crop. Grow less, but under adequate lights rather than a huge crop under poor lights which will yield nothing more than frustration."

"You cannot have too much light, but you can have an extraordinary electric bill, which, even if you can afford it, may send up red flags all over the place"

"Sinsemilla is a seedless flower. The method for obtaining such a flower is by not allowing it to pollinate. The cannabis has both a male and a female plant and cannot be pollinated without the presence of a male plant. Therefore, since vasectomies on cannabis have not yet been perfected, the way to avoid this problem is simply to yank out the males before they start producing pollen (ah cruel world). Point is, which is the male and which the female?"

Fortunately, nature has lent us a helping hand here...

Pruning will always start at the bottom of the plant and work itself upward in graduating stages. Lower branches will mature first and will require the first work. Remember in the last issue the discussion on sun leaves? These will be the first to go."



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High society.

Pass the Pipe Not the Law



H.T. publisher Andy Kowl, Dr. John and Wavy Gravy.



Kinky Friedman (right) with Doug Sahm.

"Hell, if *High Times* can't throw a kickass party, then who the fuck can?" shouted a middle-aged head-shop owner as he pranced around the dance floor with two straws stuck up his nose, a funny hat on his head and a bottle of blackjack in his hand. The party was actually a \$25-a-head fund raiser held at the Empire State Building, with the money going to fight all the anti-head-shop legislation that's been coming down lately. (For what you can do to help, see page 31.) Enjoying themselves among the retailers were such NYC scenemakers as **Doug Sahm**, **Kinky Friedman**, **Wavy Gravy** and our own **Miss Body Beautiful**. Music was supplied by none other than the ol' Night Tripper himself, **Dr. John**, and the Danny Shout Band.



The good Dr. serving up some hot bayou boogie.



Fernando Lamas? No, it's just Kinky along with BB and Wavy (in Emmett Kelley drag).

"As far as I'm concerned the rot began to set in the minute cannabis and LSD seeped its unhealthy way into our lives." So declares **Cynthia Lennon**, John's first wife, in her new book, *A Twist of Lennon*. Though Cyn tried hard to make the marriage work, it was a *nose job* that sent the union into the crapper: "The swelling around my eyes and nose gave me the look of an Oriental and John thought I looked beautiful."

Poor **Robert Evans**. What with discoing all night and soaking in hot tubs all day, this Hollywood mogul just couldn't spare the time to establish a reliable coke connection. As a result, Evans, who's produced *The Godfather*, *Marathon Man* and *Serpico*, was lured into scoring five ounces of blow from federal undercover agents. Now this is just the sort of cavalier attitude toward drug use that *High Times* has been warning people against these past six and a half years. Tsk, tsk, tsk.



Wide World

Mario Arballo is being visited by angels. Not by your harp-strummin', psalm-singin' type. No, we're talkin' hot-panted, wet T-shirted, Charlie-type angels. The distraught Arballo has filed a \$20-million suit against **Jaclyn Smith**, who he says has been hounding him with sexy telepathic messages. Condemned to a state of perpetual tumescence, Arballo claims that he's become unable to continue his career as a writer and a student or ride in crowded elevators for that matter.



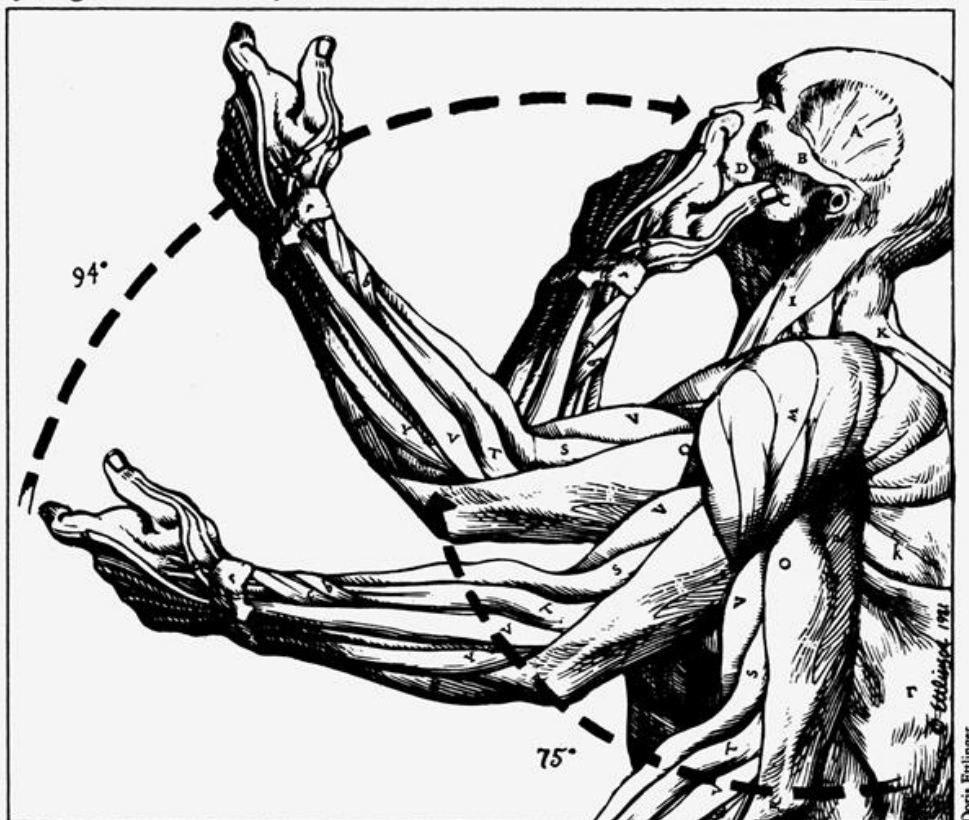
Ron Galella



Ron Galella

Formerly Dr. Hip.

by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.



Cocaine and Pain

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

My mother has a very painful case of arthritis, mostly in her hands. Besides the pain and swelling, she's lost some movement in her fingers. I'd heard that cocaine could be used to treat arthritis and offered her a few lines, but she was horrified at the idea, started crying and told me this was just more proof that drugs were destroying my mind. Is there any truth to the rumor that arthritis goes better with coke? Is my mind really being destroyed by drugs?

—Distraught in Dubuque

Dear Distraught:

I can't tell from your letter whether or not your mind is being destroyed, but from your mother's reaction, I sense your judgment was off when you laid out those lines for her. But there is some evidence that cocaine may be useful in the treatment of arthritis. One of the leading proponents of this theory is a California physician named Lowell Somers.

Dr. Somers was practicing general medicine in a small northern California community when he somehow hit on the idea of treating his arthritic patients with cocaine. He caught the eye of the authorities when he ordered two pounds of medicinal cocaine from a drug supply firm. Photographs of his patients soon

appeared on the front pages of newspapers showing elderly and formerly crippled individuals literally kicking up their heels. State and federal narcotics officials were not happy with Dr. Somers and he was soon charged with various drug offenses.

Somers gave up his offices in Lake County and lived for a while in Belvedere, a wealthy community just north of San Francisco. He practiced in his waterfront home, housing some patients who'd traveled across country for his unorthodox treatment. As it happened, I lived only a few miles from Dr. Somers's temporary headquarters. Dan Meehan, at that time his lawyer, asked if I were interested in meeting Lowell Somers and observing his treatment. I was and I did. Within the pleasant modern house, Somers and a small staff treated seven to ten patients at a time. They ranged in age from mid 30s up into the 80s, some so severely disabled they were confined to wheelchairs. I was shown before and after photographs and movies and several of the patients told me they were greatly improved by the treatments. Of course, at \$5,000 a week, more or less, there is an impulse to believe in the value of the treatment. I went back again for a second look.

This time four other physicians were

observing the treatment. Several were openly skeptical and one left after a brief stay because he thought the whole thing was a fraud. We were shown the before and after films and caliper measurements demonstrating increased range of motion in the crippled joints. Then we watched one of the patients receive a treatment. He was an 87-year-old man with limited movement of his wrists and shoulders. The extent of his range of motion was measured and photographed. Next, a dose of cocaine was weighed out on a pharmaceutical scale and presented to the patient on a mirror. The old man slowly snorted the powder into his nose with a straw. Afterwards, his range of motion was again measured and photographed. There was clearly an improvement in his range of motion. The little gathering in the living room applauded as the old man did a little dance and sat down in an easy chair. A pretty nurse sat on his lap and hugged him. "I haven't felt so good in 20 years!" he chortled.

"This is no scientific demonstration," scoffed one of the observing physicians. And he was right, of course, but something was improving the condition of these patients.

On another occasion, I too received a treatment, for an old bursitis condition in my shoulders. Before sniffing the powder, moving my arms back beyond a certain point caused pain. After using the cocaine I could move my arms back further than before.

My subjective impression was that cocaine was effective for arthritis and related conditions because it raises the pain threshold, thus allowing more mobility. And movement itself helps to alleviate the crippling effects of arthritis. Dr. Somers, however, thinks cocaine has a beneficial effect on arthritis apart from pain relief. He's not alone in this belief. Dr. Fred Meyer, a pharmacology professor at the University of California Medical School in San Francisco, agrees that Lowell Somers has some evidence to back up his theories.

However cocaine works against arthritis, it does seem to work. Even if it "merely" produces euphoria in patients depressed by the effects of their illness and increases mobility in stiffened joints by relieving pain, it's still a lot safer than drugs routinely used in this condition, such as cortisones and injections of gold.

Last time I talked with him, Lowell Somers was working with a group called the National Arthritis Clinic in Desert Hot Springs, California. He said they were using a cocaine ointment, applying it to the skin over affected joints. He told me of some other uses of cocaine too, but that's another story. . . . □

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o HIGH TIMES, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

STRAIGHT TALK

Some Cookie-Can Companies and Crock-Pot Manufacturers have made a lot of claims, recently. They claim to have a Prettier Machine than we have. They claim their machine is cheaper than ours, they even claim to Maximize; what they don't claim is that they ISOMERIZE. They don't claim it because they don't do it!

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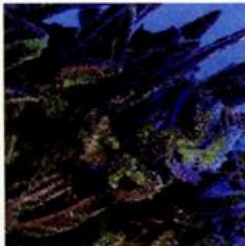
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Quick:

What day is it in Bolivia?



January



February



March



April



May



June



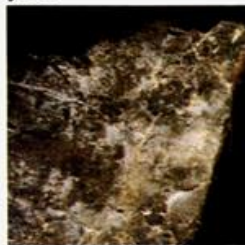
July



August



September



October



November



December

Same day as it is here, but in Spanish, dummy! We realize that, for most of our readers, keeping up with stuff like days of the week and months of the year can be a bit of a problem. That's why HIGH TIMES makes calendars that you'll love to look at. Our calendars are stuffed with big, beautiful, color photos of all your favorite smokables, snortables and poppables. The same kind of pictures you've been oohing and ahing over each month in our centerfolds. In fact, we promise that if you like our centerfolds, you'll love our calendars.

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

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No. 66
Feb. '81

OPERATION SINSEMILLA: FUTILE AND COSTLY



Despite the misgivings of many citizens and even some public officials, Operation Sinsemilla has ballooned into a statewide assault in California this year.

THE CHARADE GOES ON

by Michael Dorgan

Local, state and federal authorities launched their most aggressive campaign ever in an effort to wipe out the fall harvest of what could well be California's most valuable cash crop—sweet sinsemilla. Begun last year as a modest, 4-county, federally funded pilot program, Operation Sinsemilla this year swelled to a 27-county, all-out paramilitary assault, complete with sophisticated aerial surveillance of vast tracts of land and helicopter landings of khaki-clad commandos armed with chain saws and machine guns.

Growers responded by camouflaging plants (one busted grower had hung Christmas tree ornaments on branches so the cops would

mistake his weed for tomato plants; they didn't), blocking access roads and setting up walkie-talkie sentry systems;

continued on page 24

CUSTOMS LAUNCHES ASSAULT ON DEA

The long-simmering antagonism between the U.S. Customs Bureau and the Drug Enforcement Administration has finally boiled over. Maxine Cheshire, gossipmonger of the staid *Washington Post*, reported recently that 15 top Customs officials had paid their own way to Washington to lobby for the reorganization or total abolition of the DEA. Charging the international narc agency with corruption and ineptitude, the Customs boys want drug traffic placed under their own jurisdiction. The DEA, they say, keeps blowing the cases that Customs uncovers and hands to them. Civil-liberties fans are watching this one closely. If Customs succeeds in taking over the DEA's bailiwick, they will gain unprecedented internal domestic powers.

COCAINE SEX DEATH?

The headlines blared: COCAINE SEX MURDER!, and the details of the sensational story that followed must have struck terror in the heart of many a snort fiend. John Stetz, Jr., a 31-year-old fireman in Boca Raton, Florida, had been charged with murder in the apparent OD death of his girl friend, Elizabeth Eckhart. The attractive 23-year-old woman had died in convulsions after Stetz, by his own admission, had placed coke in

QUESTIONS REMAIN IN FLORIDA O.D.

her vagina—"to increase sensitivity," the wire services reported.

Eckhart's death occurred on New Year's Eve a year ago, but third degree murder charges were not filed until March. (Under Florida statute, murder in the third degree is a category of "felony murder"—that is, a death caused, unintentionally, in

the commission of a felony. With major felonies, like arson or armed robbery, the charge is first degree. In this case the felony was "delivery of cocaine," a minor felony. Conviction carries a maximum penalty of 15 years in jail.) After some procedural delays, Stetz finally pleaded guilty as charged in September in exchange for 10 years' probation and a possible maximum one-year jail term.

Faced with defending himself before an unsympathetic jury in a case heavy with lurid overtones—drugs, kinky sex and the death of a beautiful woman—Stetz understandably went with the odds and copped a plea. Legally, he has been convicted of murder, but a number of questions raised by the case remain unanswered.

Media reports quoted Dade County Medical Examiner Dr. Charles Wetli as saying cocaine smeared on Eckhart's vagina paralyzed her central nervous system and killed her. However, Wetli now denies he ever said that to a reporter. That Eckhart died from having cocaine spread on her sex organs, Wetli told *HIGH TIMES*, was pure speculation. "It was a distortion by the press," he said. "There was never any objective testimony that cocaine was in her vagina."

Of course, the conclusion of the autopsy report was that Eckhart had died of "acute cocaineism," and there was also the police affidavit containing a statement by Stetz's roommate about the night's events. According to that account, Stetz charged out of his bedroom screaming, "I killed her! I killed her!" When he calmed down he told the roommate he had rubbed toot on his lover's privates. They then called paramedics and tried to revive her by flushing her with water and employing other emergency resuscitative techniques Stetz knew as a fireman. This account, Stetz's attorney, Julius Mack, was quick to point out, is a third-hand document at best and not hard evidence.

When Eckhart was pronounced DOA at a local hospital, an autopsy was performed,

but the attending West Palm Beach medical examiner had received no information that cocaine had been applied genitally. It was 18 days after the woman was buried that Wetli, who had become interested in Eckhart's death after catching wind of the vaginal allegation, had her exhumed for reexamination. "There was an outside chance I would find some cocaine in her vagina, but I did not have high expectations, since the drug breaks down in the bloodstream in 24 hours," he recalled. "Two weeks had gone by, she was embalmed and it was pretty tough to find anything on her. We didn't find cocaine."

Wetli did acknowledge, however, that he was intrigued by the possibility that Eckhart may have absorbed the fatal dose vaginally. "The vagina has loads of blood vessels in it," he explained, "and sexual stimulation opens them up. Applying cocaine in this situation could be more effective than snorting it. The combination of her snorting some earlier, and then having it more rapidly absorbed by her vaginal membrane, could have induced acute cocaineism." However, because the case never came to trial, the question of whether Eckhart might have taken a large amount of coke earlier by other means was never settled.

Had Stetz gone to trial, a jury would most likely also have heard a spirited debate among experts over what constitutes a lethal dose of cocaine. Scholars have documented only a few hundred cases of death by coke OD in the entire history of the drug's use, and there is no formula for determining how much of it can do you in, or under what circumstances. Since cocaine has been taken by injection for at least 100 years (remember Sherlock Holmes?), it is unlikely that the speed of vaginal ingestion caused Eckhart's death. This also cannot have been the first time cocaine has been absorbed vaginally: The time-honored perversion (Stetz seems to have had things a little backwards) is placing cocaine on one's penis to anesthetize it and delay orgasm.

THE POPE DON'T SMOKE DOPE!

AND DOESN'T WANT ANYONE ELSE TO EITHER



The Vatican killjoy himself.

Pope John Paul II recently told an audience of 300 young people at a drug treatment center in Rome that he condemned "with all my soul" any efforts to legalize marijuana or any other illegal inebriates. His remarks apparently came in response to Italian Socialist health minister Aldo Aniasi's announcement that he was considering legalizing pot and other "light drugs" experimentally. Meanwhile, ru-

mors have it that his Holiness has endorsed and may narrate an antidrug documentary film. All this at a time when the Vatican has decided to review the 1633 heresy conviction of Galileo Galilei, whose crime was to produce proof that the earth revolved around the sun and not vice versa. Presumably, the pope who signed the excommunication of Galileo was just as infallible as John Paul II.

Black Star

OUTLAWS SWOOP DOWN, RECAPTURE POT PLANE

KINGSTON, JAMAICA—The battle between ganja smugglers and the Jamaican government escalated last fall after a well-equipped gang apparently staged a military-style raid on a St. Elizabeth landing strip and recaptured a plane that had been confiscated by police. According to official reports, at about 5 A.M. on a Sunday morning, a group of police guarding a seized Beechcraft N-6717-C began taking fire from bushes along the landing field. Another plane then descended from the sky spewing gunfire and forcing the police to retreat a good mile from the site.

The attacking plane then landed and a second pilot, say the reports, dashed from it to the Beechcraft. Within about 20 minutes the raiders had repaired the seized aircraft and both planes took off and disappeared into the sky.

Following the incident, Acting Prime Minister P.J. Patterson announced a crack-down on illegal landings on the island republic and the national Defence Board declared efforts to shut down 28 unauthorized airfields that were believed to serve smuggling operations. Meanwhile, the Georges Valley Airstrip at Bogue—owned by the Ethiopian Zion Coptic Church—where the apparent theft took place, was bulldozed and dynamited out of existence.

Soon after the raid on the airstrip, the Coptics, whose holdings in Jamaica are extensive, charged that the Jamaica Defence Force (army) had confiscated \$2 million worth of agricultural machinery and other equipment from the farm where the incident took place. They insisted the landing strip was in fact only an access road to their agricultural lands and that, because of its destruction, they had lost 50 goats and several cattle, and valuable rice fields had become inaccessible. They insisted that the farmland was used to produce meat and food crops, not ganja, though the Coptic sect is notoriously active and powerful in

the Jamaican herb trade.

Meanwhile, Jamaican columnists began challenging inconsistencies in the police version of the incident, and the occasional arrests of Jamaican military personnel on ganja-trafficking charges have tended to cast doubt on any official story of goings-on in the volatile and lucrative herb business. That former prime minister Michael Manley was frequently accused of being soft on, if not directly involved in, ganja commerce has further strained the credibility of government reports.

Another recent incident in the Montego Bay area suggests that smugglers have realized there are profits to be

made from imports as well as exports in Jamaica. When police in Westmoreland seized a single-engine Centurion and its American pilot on landing at the Frome airstrip, they found not only two suitcases filled with herb beside the runway, but also a stock of tires, automobile parts, radios and foodstuffs on board the plane, apparently intended for the black market.

Jamaica's efforts to stifle the booming smuggling business are hampered, however, by a lack of vital technological gear. The *Kingston Jamaican Weekly Gleaner* recently quoted a Defence Force spokesman as saying, "The Civil Aviation Department does

not have radar capability to track incoming aircraft, and this is something we have been trying to get for a long time." The only radar in use in Jamaica, according to the Civil Aviation Department, is that of the office of meteorological services.

But, despite the hoopla incited by the Bogue incident, it seems unlikely that government forces will be able to mount much of an offensive against the dope trade. The country is beset with armed and violent gangs, some political and some simply eager for loot, and government forces are up to their ears in a national drive to eradicate the rude-boy plague.

70 POTHEADS DIE!



Seventy pothead whales, chasing squid or mackerel or maybe just bored with sea life, beached themselves and died near Point Leamington, Newfoundland. Another 70 of their friends were trapped in the harbor of the Atlantic seaport town. (That's what they call 'em—pothead whales.)

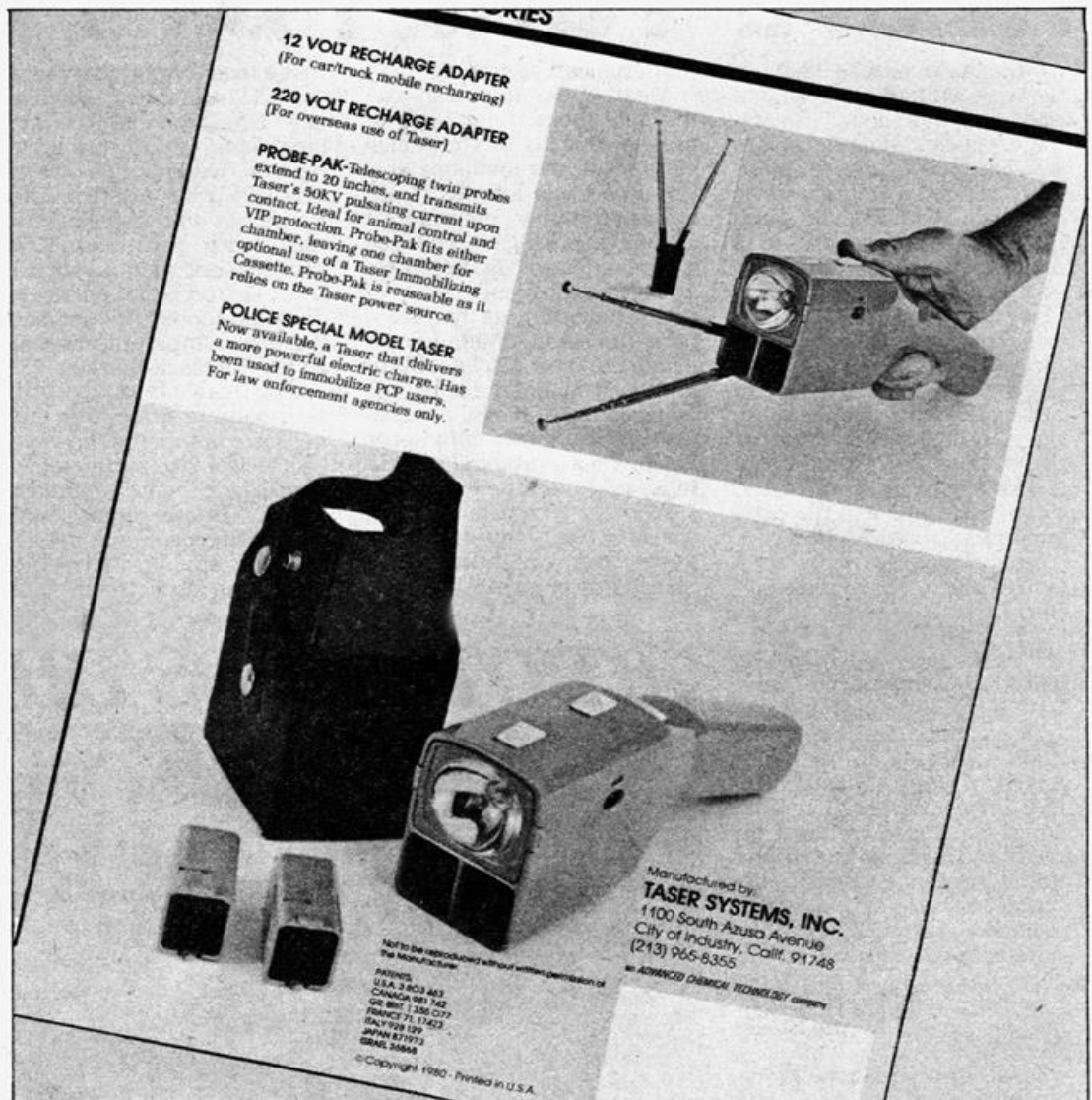
Wide World

COPS FRY DUSTHEADS WITH HIGH-TECH STUN GUN

"It's comforting to know you have a Taser nearby," sing the makers of the Taser "fazer" electronic stun gun. "Even if you never use it. We hope you never do."

Cops in Los Angeles use the fazer copiously (see last month's *HIGH TIMES*, page 79), despite its maker's best wishes, mainly against people whom they believe to be wrecked on PCP. Although it's actually a massively incapacitating tranquilizer, PCP has developed a hysterical media image as a drug that supposedly causes its users to become ultraviolent berserkers, possessed of superhuman strength and virtual invulnerability to police bullets. This is exactly the same kind of drug myth that was laid on cocaine back in the 1920s, largely by Southern policemen who cited newspaper accounts of "cocaine-crazed Negroes" attacking cops and white women with such ferocity that larger-caliber firearms and permission to shoot at will were needed to subdue them. And, true to form, the LAPD uses the Taser fazer mainly in black neighborhoods, where PCP is supposedly most prevalent.

Selling for \$200 a unit from Taser Systems, Inc., of L.A.—"an Advanced Chemical Technology company"—a fazer shoots out two quarter-inch-long, pronged electrode-darts, connected to the battery-powered unit by 14-foot cords. When both darts lodge in the victim's clothes (or



flesh), the battery-powered unit delivers a high-voltage, low-amperage shock for up to

five seconds per pulse, for as long as the trigger is pulled.

"When the Taser's electri-

cal force is powered into the body it generates an electrical current that dominates the existing (*sic*) neuromuscular system," explains the Taser ad brochure. "When an attacker has been 'Tasered,' the muscles in his body involuntarily contract; he is virtually helpless and may experience pain." This portable electroconvulsive device, though illegal in New York State, is reportedly selling handsomely throughout the rest of the country, and not just to the LAPD, but to anyone else who advocates a South American approach to law and order. "A three to five second exposure to the electrical output," Taser guarantees, "assures immobilization and sluggish recovery."

"STAR WARS" BANNED

CENSORSHIP, DANISH STYLE

No *Empire Strikes Back*, no *Star Wars* for kids under 12 in the wholesome state of Denmark. "Children are not allowed to see a film that desensitizes them to violence, to suffering," explains Joergen Bruun Petersen, the Danish censor who nixed the space epic. "They must not see a film if we feel they will get

[from it] less ability to feel pity."

The Danes, it seems, have an idea of censorship that contrasts sharply with the American notion. They generally do not object to the graphic depiction of sex, no matter how explicit, as long as the context is affectionate. If the eroticism is contaminated

with violence, it's on the forbidden list for anyone under 12.

Television censorship, however, is nonexistent. So a kid denied the right to sit in a movie theater and watch Luke Skywalker zap alien devils in *Star Wars* is free to go home and watch full-length adult films with their sex and violence intact.

"BLACK MARKET" IN DMSO EXPANDS ACROSS COUNTRY

SEATTLE—"It felt so clandestine, you know," a local businessman recently recalled after moving \$15,000 worth of bottled dimethyl sulfoxide (DMSO) from an anonymous wholesaler to three security guards from the Tulalip Indian Reservation. "Everybody wanted to see what they were getting first. The whole thing took more than two hours, so, much of the time, I had three scowling Indians staring at me."

Since it's illegal to sell DMSO for internal use without a doctor's prescription, the transaction had all the elements of a standard dope deal. When at the last minute the wholesaler refused to take the Indians' check, the middleman had to put up \$8,500 security in solid silver, and the swap was carried out in a restaurant parking lot. On the reservation, the DMSO bottles were stacked next to store signs reading, "Sold as a degreaser only."

Going at \$10 per half-pint bottle, DMSO is considerably cheaper than aspirin, its main competitor at relieving the pain and swelling of acute bursitis, neuralgia, arthritis and other joint pain. Only a few cubic centimeters are used at a time, applied lightly to the affected spot and within a three-inch radius all around it. How exactly the chemical works to kill pain is unknown (the same is true of aspirin), but patients uniformly report that it works just as good as any other pain medication, without affecting the stomach.

The main reason DMSO is a prescription-only drug, in the opinion of most experts, is simply that it's an unpatentable organic chemical and is absurdly inexpensive to manufacture in purity. Drug companies, which depend on exclusive patents and laborious chemical processing to make money, simply can't make a profit on DMSO. But since it threatens to make a considerable dent in the multibillion-dollar painkiller market, the companies keep their legislative lobbyists working full-time to restrict the drug as much as

SCORING THE PAINKILLING DEGREASER



The Seattle Times

possible.

In Florida, according to the Miami drug-information service Up Front, a state law requires a doctor to make out a special informed-consent card with each DMSO prescription, warning the patient that the Food and Drug Administration has approved DMSO for use only in one rare form of bladder cystitis; and the patient has to sign a form absolving the physician from any possible malpractice liability.

According to Up Front, the occasional use of DMSO appears to be even less hazardous than aspirin. In early animal tests, DMSO was implicated in changes in the texture of eyeball lenses, but the dosages, routes of administration and duration of exposure

of the lab animals to DMSO was nothing like what human bursitis sufferers would experience. The main side effect of DMSO at ordinary painkiller levels is a pervasive garlicky odor that can emanate from the body for hours afterward. The FDA, however, has issued its own warning against use of it, claiming that consumers face a risk of skin rash, nausea, headache and chemical burns.

The last historical furor over DMSO "abuse" arose in the late 1960s, when it was rumored in radical circles that federal intelligence agencies were using it to dose student leaders unawares with LSD. Besides its grease-cutting and therapeutic properties, DMSO is a superb solvent, enhancing the permeability

of human skin. Junkies have used DMSO to get smack into their bloodstreams without telltale track marks. By itself the drug is entirely without psychoactive effect, but it can convey other substances readily into the body. (People who use it for pain should make sure not to let it become contaminated with any other chemical.)

National interest in DMSO revived last year after CBS did a "60 Minutes" documentary on it. Before that time, few doctors were even aware that DMSO had any therapeutic properties, since no drug company advertises it, and even the prestigious *Pharmaceutical Basis of Therapeutics*, edited by Goodman and Gilman, omits any reference to it.

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OPERATION SINSEMILLA

continued from page 19

but losses were heavy. Though late returns were not in at press time, the narcs were expecting to finish with three times last year's haul—79,275 plants valued, they imagine, at \$79 million. Arrests also were expected to double or triple, running into the hundreds.

The cost has been enormous, on both sides. For a grower, a bust means loss of a year's labor plus huge attorney's fees and maybe a jail sentence. On the law-enforcement side, the dollar cost is astronomical. According to Gina McGuinness, a spokeswoman for the California attorney general's office, the average pot raid costs about \$3,000. Last year there were 522 raids, mostly conducted by local officials, in the 27 counties now included in the program. If three times that number were conducted this past season, the cost of the raids alone was more than \$4.5 million.

But that's just the beginning. Again according to McGuinness, the average cost of prosecuting a cultivation case is \$20,000. So, assuming one suspect is captured in each raid (sometimes several are caught; sometimes none), the cost of prosecuting those netted this past season in Operation Sinsemilla could easily exceed \$30 million.

In 1979, Operation Sinsemilla was partially subsidized by a \$144,000 federal grant which was not renewed for 1980, though the federal Drug Enforcement Administration contributed two planes and three agents to the effort. To compensate for the nonrenewed federal aid and to expand the program, the California Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement committed \$600,000, about 10 percent of its budget. But even that amount doesn't begin to cover Operation Sinsemilla's cost, most of



Elegant nose service? No. This may look like a pair of coke spoons with companion crystal serving bowls, but it's actually a salt cellar set sold by Cartier, spoons included, to sprinkle seasoning on your beef bourgignon (shown here as advertised in their catalog, with a real toot tool for comparison). Cartier sells the sterling-and-crystal sets for \$55 to \$140. Another way of getting around repressive head-shop laws! How you use 'em is your own business.

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which must be picked up by individual counties whose citizens have been suffering direct financial losses because of the busts.

This kind of data leads Mendocino County district attorney Joe Allen to conclude that marijuana eradication is a "very depressing business." Though his county is known for impressive production of grade-A weed—county agricultural agent Ted Erickson estimated the 1979 crop at \$90 million—Allen doesn't view pot as a major problem. In fact, he hints that the only reason he prosecutes marijuana cases at all is because the state attorney general would prosecute him if he didn't. Allen feels his budget could be better spent pursuing violent crimes, which he says are easier and cheaper to handle than marijuana cultivation cases.

Allen concludes that the best way to eliminate commercial pot growing is to legalize cultivation for personal use. That, he argues, would "drive the dope dealers, at least in California, out of business, because you're not gonna buy what you can grow for free."

Meanwhile, street reports from the Golden State confirm that, despite all the eavesdropping and brush-beating, supplies are more than ample and that this has been a record year for those irrepressible California sodbusters.

Allen's logic, of course, doesn't convince all of his colleagues in law enforcement. Perhaps least convinced is California attorney general George Deukmejian, who last year personally led the first raid of the season on a pot garden. Clad in a flak jacket, he announced to the TV cameras on hand to record the event that Operation Sinsemilla would be an "all-out assault." Officially, the A.G.'s office claims the operation is Deukmejian's response to pleas for help from local sheriffs, but many observers feel he played a more prominent role in creating the program. They say Operation Sinsemilla is a publicity scheme to offset criticism Deukmejian has received for inactivity in other areas, particularly enforcement of environmental legislation.

If the siege of grower busts is merely an extravagant publicity ploy, it may backfire as a result of increased public opposition and a harvest of lawsuits. The *San Francisco Chronicle* recently conducted a call-in poll in which they asked: "Should marijuana farms be busted?" Of the 20,289 people responding, a whopping 73 percent answered No. Most of the respondents who were asked the reason for their No votes gave financial cost as a principal factor.

And in June, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws filed a suit in U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C., charging, among other things, that the program illegally used federal intelligence and military agencies for domestic law enforcement. In a companion suit filed later in California state court, NORML charged that it is a "misappropriation of funds" for the attorney general's office to spend 10 percent of its drug-enforcement budget on marijuana eradication when so little is being done to eliminate traffic in hard drugs.

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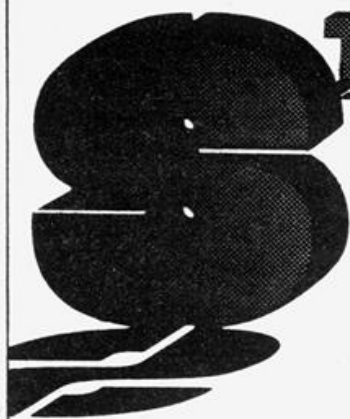
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KLANSMAN NABBED AGAIN IN DRUG- KIDNAP CASE

Alton Wayne Roberts, 42, of Meridian, Mississippi, who was convicted of a role in the 1964 abduction and murder of three civil-rights workers in Philadelphia, Mississippi, and released from jail five years ago, is now up on charges for kidnapping a Georgia sheriff—all because of his alleged involvement in what must have been one of the least secure smuggling operations on record.

Roberts and another man, according to Georgia Bureau of Investigation officials, had been setting up lights to mark a secluded landing strip near Stewart, Georgia, when Stewart County sheriff Albert Grimes stumbled on the scene while making his regular rounds. The two men disarmed and handcuffed Grimes, which might have allowed them to escape, except that the GBI had already staked out the whole operation in hopes of snagging some drug smugglers. Roberts and his cohort were finally captured after a high-speed chase across Stewart and Quitman counties and Grimes was released unharmed.

No word yet on the plane they were allegedly waiting for.

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COLOMBIAN 'LUDES BUSTS

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA—Colombian narcs have extended their routine drug raids into the booming local industry of bootleg Quaaludes, locally known as "jumbo 714s" or "747s," depending presumably on their degree of potency. In one raid, federal police from the narcotics unit known as F-2 apprehended two individuals in Bogotá with 50,000 jumbos in what they said was the first 'lude bust ever conducted in the capital.

More sensational, however, was the raid conducted in previous days in the northern port of Barranquilla, the drug capital of Colombia. A woman was arrested there by F-2 with 500,000 jumbos of the Lemmon brand, according to Colombian newspapers. Yet, what made this bust more significant was that, besides the 14 boxes of Lemmons, the narcs found in the same house what they described as "extremely powerful radio communications equipment" with which drug traffickers supposedly could communicate with smuggling ships and planes as far away as Panama.

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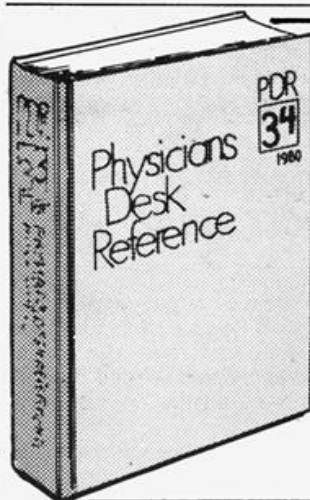
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YULE THAI LOGS SPOIL HAWAIIAN SUGARPLUM VISION

Thailand marijuana is rapidly gaining a reputation as top contender among the world's exotic labels, moving aside such class vintages as Maui wowie, California red hair and Caribbean and South American sinsemillas. The Thai connection has fairly sizzled of late as tons of top-notch "bindles," sticks and bales move across

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

the Pacific to the rolling papers of America. Cheaper, headier, more aromatic and tastier than even primo Hawaiians, Thai weed has become by far the most popular exotic on pot menus from Vancouver to Hoboken.

In retrospect, the ascension of Thai seems inevitable. It is easy to forget that for thousands of years before U.S. growers had ever heard the word *sinsemilla* Thai pot farmers were growing their product by exactly that method. Some of the hoariest accounts of marijuana growing come from this part of the world. They are contained in monastic documents instructing pot growers to remove the male plants before pollination to heighten the strength of the sacrament that puts them in touch with their dieties.

Who can forget the first strange-looking Thai sticks a decade ago! Dense, seedless, stronger than a bull elephant. Years before sophisticated sinsemilla techniques were incorporated into the crop management of U.S. growers, the Thais were, without effort, turning out a superior product, but they soon lost their title to the upstart domestics.

Now all that has changed. Thai farmers are trying some of the tricks that proved so successful to the U.S. farmers, and the results are truly staggering: luscious, thick, moist buds more than a foot long, sometimes packaged in "loaves" the size of footballs. These top-of-the-line loaves retail for \$2,100 to \$2,500, a solid \$500 below top Hawaiian, and a better smoke. Priced below that is a whole range of loose Thai that rarely goes for over \$1,800 an elbow, or below \$1,300, and the less expensive variety will still get you by far the best stone for the price. A new product this year is pressed Thai, which, though missing some of the aesthetics, packs the same punch as its bulky predecessors. Doubtless it will expedite smuggling.

It is possible that the Thai boom will be short-lived. U.S. dope officials, who had trodden lightly in Siam following Ameri-

ca's upset in the Vietnam War next door, are back in their trenchcoats and turning the place into a hornet's nest. A recently enacted government policy of execution for smugglers is believed to be their handiwork. A DEA agent's wife who was gunned down outside Bangkok recently is also widely believed by the smuggling coterie to have been a victim of a retaliatory strike aimed at the agent, though official U.S. versions claim the gunman was a robber.

On the other hand, the Thai government has a longstanding and well-earned reputation for corruption. It's hard to imagine Thai enforcement officials forsaking an age-old tradition to sate the ideals of U.S. D-men, especially when smugglers pay more.

The heroin revival continues: Following the Iranian revolution there was a brief heroin blip on the dopescope as dealers who had found a way to circumvent the shah's regime were forced to unload and resettle. The opium flow then diminished for a period last spring and summer but now appears to be increasing. Again, the cause seems to be politics. Forty-six pounds were collared by New York police—potent horse, newly arrived by way of Sicily from Afghanistan, Iran and Iraq. Heard those names in the news lately? The chaos there is the kind that smugglers love: It draws attention away from them to the more important matters at the front.

Snowjobs: If you spend your time in headshops and not health-food stores, then you may have missed this one, since the feds say if they catch it being marketed as dope, they'll bust its ass. We're talking about Toot, Zoom and Relax-U, three, uh—what would we call them?—vitamins that you can cop at your local wheat-germ dealer. The herbologists who put these concoctions together out at M.S.B. and Associates, Inc., amongst the yucca plants and redwood hot tubs of Beverly Hills, sell Toot as an "incense," Zoom as a "natural nutrient," and Relax-U as an "organic relaxant."

The incense looks agreeably like cocaine and, in fact, may at times, in the hands of villains, pose as the "synthetic coke" making the rounds in L.A. Consumers who have snorted a few rails of this incense report a passable poor man's version of its notorious namesake. One said it was like comparing Tab to Coca-Cola: not the real thing, but a close facsimile for those who can't afford rich tastes. All concerned say the stand-ins are safe and harmless.

Narcs from heaven: Also aloft, 25 state narcs over Northern California sinse lands, compared to five last year.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

AUSTRALIA				Nepal temple				world's finest				Moroccan hash			
Domestic grass	improving by leaps and bounds	oz	30-40	ball hash	palpable, palatable	lb	1750-2000	excellent head	oz	90-125					
Queensland "border" sticks	koala bear buds	ea	350-550	Hash oil	considerable of late	gm	20-30	this season	lb	1100-1750					
Mullumbimby madness	uncultivated but cute	100	12-16	LSD	scarce but there	one	475-525	ubiquitous	oz	100-130					
Colombian pot	hardly any	oz	900	Cocaine	limey 'ludes	100	7-10	costly but boss	lb	900-1450					
Thai sticks	super but sparse	lb	5-25	Mandrax		gm	500-700	Nepalese hash	oz	150-200					
New Zealand homegrown Putty hash	aboriginal blend	one	40-100			oz	135-180	short reign	lb	1600-2200					
Nepalese fingers	adulterated Lebanese critic's choice	100	75-225			one	270	suitcase stashes	oz	150					
Indian hash oil	at times primo	oz	800-1200				3-6	out of favor with buyers	lb	1350-1800					
Mushrooms	kowa fucking bunga	oz	15-20					real trippy	gm	35-65					
LSD	Korean "tiles"	oz	1000-1200						oz	500-1000					
Mandrax	'ludes for lovers	one	75						oz	110-135					
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	one	600-750												
		100	210-250												
		100	2800-3000												
		gm	3000-4500												
		oz	20-45												
		oz	420-620												
		oz	50-75												
		one	5-7												
		100	300-500												
		one	3-6												
		100	150-400												
		gm	140-175												
		oz	3000-3200												
CANADA				FRANCE				Paki hash							
Commercial Colombian	leafy but tasty	oz	55-75	African pot	dominates weed market	gr	2.50-3	Hash oils	oz	1350-1800					
Gold and red Colombian	gone faster than a speeding bullet	lb	600-800	Colombian pot	extremely rare	oz	65-80	Pallocybin mushrooms, dried	gm	35-65					
Hawaiian buds	aloha	oz	100-150	Moroccan hash	several flavors	gr	75-100	Payote	oz	500-1000					
Jamaican pot	comeback bid	lb	1000-1200	Lebanese hash	fresh and fragrant	oz	6-8	LSD	one	25-40					
Mexican tops	in season	oz	325-350	Lebanese kif	known as "zero-zero"	gr	90-110	Cocaine	one	200-500					
California sinsemilla	more this year than last	lb	2800-3600	LSD	pyramids, red stars, dots, blots	gr	8-12	Methaqualone	oz	150-300					
Homegrown pot	some shit, some shinola	oz	90-130	Speed	hot on the punk scene	one	100-125	MDA	gm	1800-2500					
Hash	red and blond Leb	lb	700-1000	Cocaine	and long Parisian nights	gr	10	Crosses and black beaubs	one	300-500					
LSD	your choice	oz	450-650					PCP	oz	65-100					
Mandrax	Brian Jones's favorite	one	200-275					Opium	gm	25-200					
Cocaine	disco toot	100	200-450						gm	60-75					
		ea	3-6						gm	25-40					
		100	275-450												
		gm	110-160												
		oz	1850-2500												
COLOMBIA				JAPAN				Alaska							
Santa Marta	tumultuous	oz	10-15	Colombian pot	scarce, feeble	oz	120-300	Commercial Colombian	oz	50-65					
golds, reds	more than ever	lb	60-100	Philippine pot	expanding market	lb	1200-1600	Connolisseur Colombian	lb	500-650					
Commercial domestic	forgettable	oz	2-5	Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	45-50	Domestic weed	oz	85-100					
Colombian hash	forgettable	lb	30-80	Thai sticks	tourist special	lb	500-600		lb	650-900					
Hash oil	this dog has fleas	oz	8-25	Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	one	90-120		oz	15-35					
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	lb	100-225	Hokkaido sticks	handsome but dumb	oz	400-750		lb	75-175					
Cocaine	lots of lines	oz	150-200	Philippine hash	superstar	oz	40-60		oz	50-65					
		lb	1500-2000	Lebanese hash	not worth it	gr	25-40		lb	500-600					
		oz	40-75	LSD	British imports	one	300-375		oz	225-325					
		lb	175-225	Mushrooms	greenhouse	gr	50		lb	2250-3250					
		oz	2500-3000	Opium	excellent	oz	10-20		oz	225-300					
		lb		Cocaine	huh?	gr	50		lb	2000-2750					
		oz		Speed	advanced Japanese model	gr	25-50		gm	15-20					
		lb				gr	80-150		oz	130-200					
		oz				gr	75-85		gm	50-75					
ECUADOR				MEXICO				Hawaii							
Commercial	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10	Oaxacan tops	by the bronco-full	oz	7-12	Puna buds	oz	150-200					
Colombian	surprisingly	lb	60-100	Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	lb	60-120	Kona gold	lb	1500-1950					
Red and gold	not that much	oz	15-25	Acapulco gold	kick-ass fume	oz	5-10	Mauna Loa	oz	150-200					
Colombian	passable	lb	200	Guerrero gold	muchos pesos	lb	50-80	Maul wowie	lb	1500-1900					
Sierra buds	the worst	oz	6-10	Cocaine	when around	lb	10-20		oz	150-190					
Emeralds swamp grass	lots	lb	70-100	Opium	don't be a chump	gm	50-100		lb	1500-1750					
Cocaine base	pure as the driven snow	oz	100-225		searching for a market	oz	400-700		oz	160-225					
Cocaine	traded for blow	gr	150-200			lb	400-600		lb	1600-2300					
LSD		one	40-75			oz	50-100		one	2-4					
		oz	175-225			lb	400-600		free						
		lb	2500-3000						gm	75-125					
									oz	1800-2500					
									one	2					
ENGLAND				THAILAND				WEST GERMANY							
African grass	dedicated	oz	7-10	Pattaya Beach buds	intoxicating sticks	ea	50-83	Thai weed	one	10-20					
Colombian grass	potheads only	lb	60-100	Loose buds	potency varies	lb	200-250	Colombian pot	oz	250-350					
Kashmir twist sticks	down to a trickle	oz	15-25	Philippine buds	hot new rising star	oz	150-250	Moroccan hash	lb	1750-2500					
Thai sticks	small but good	one	200			lb	30		oz	200					
Homegrown	great, rare	oz	6-10			oz	250-300		lb	1750-2500					
Jamaican pot	shaping up as record year	lb	70-100			oz			gm	5-8					
Black Kashmir hash	lots on the reggae circuit	oz	10			lb			oz	125-150					
Moroccan hash	high tide	oz	110-130			oz			gm	7-12					
Paki black hash	extraordinaire	oz	15-25			lb			kilo	2800-3200					
		lb	free to 50			oz			gm	6					
		oz	100-350			lb			kilo	4000					
		lb	100-125			oz			5 gm	7					
		oz	800-1050			lb			kilo	5000-5500					
		oz	100-150			oz			one	7-10					
		oz	60-85			lb			100	125-150					
		lb	750-1000			oz									
		oz	100-125			lb									
		lb	1100-1250			oz									
USA				WEST GERMANY				Thailand weed							
Commercial	old faithful	oz	10-45	Thai weed	4-inch sticks	one	10-20	Colombian pot	oz	250-350					
Mexican	brief guest	lb	100-435	Colombian pot	U.S. air express	oz	200	Moroccan hash	lb	1750-2500					
Top-grade	appearance	oz	50-75	Lebanese hash	green slabs	gm	5-8		oz	125-150					
Mexican	manana	lb	475-650	Afghani hash	harsh and potent	gm	7-12	Manali hash (India)	kilo	2800-3200					
sinsemilla	par excellence	oz	55-65	LSD	popular best-seller	gm	6		gm	6					
California	best year yet	lb	500-600		gold-medal winner	5 gm	7		kilo	4000					
sinsemilla	low seed count	oz	75-175		mikes, tiles and "Green Monster"	one	7-10		kilo	5000-5500					
Domestic	pretty respectable	lb	650-1750			100			oz	125-150					
Jamaican	holding steady	oz	600-1300												
sinsemilla	unexplainable	lb	35-45												
Commercial	fall shortage	oz	375-450												
Colombian	needless	lb	70-100												
Connolisseur	packaging costs	one	45-55												
Colombian	some truly great	lb	475-575												
Thai sticks	mostly rotten	oz	50-65												
Loose Thai	priced out of the market	lb	670-750												
Various Africans		oz	15-35												
Hawaiian		lb	180-225												
		oz	170-200												
		lb	1200-1800												
		oz	40-55												
		lb	425-550												
		oz	200-300												
		lb	2000-3000												

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

Now just a minute: The head of the Mexican Communist Party has called for the legalization and sale of marijuana, adding that marijuana makes its adherents "politically effective." Pilot's Advisory: Speaking of offbeat drugs, have you ever wondered what kind

of dope the harried ranks of the Marijuana Air Force prefer to indulge in during their missions? A little of that fine Colombian to take off the edge, a couple lines of that Peruvian marching powder to put it back on? No, it's Roloids. How to spell relief is a tough question for all of them, and

in the jungles of La Guajira or along the cliffs of the Sierra Maestro, there aren't many candy counters, so the guys on the line take it with them. Maybe they picked this up from the New York airport control towers, which all feature large bottles of Roloids in the center of the room.



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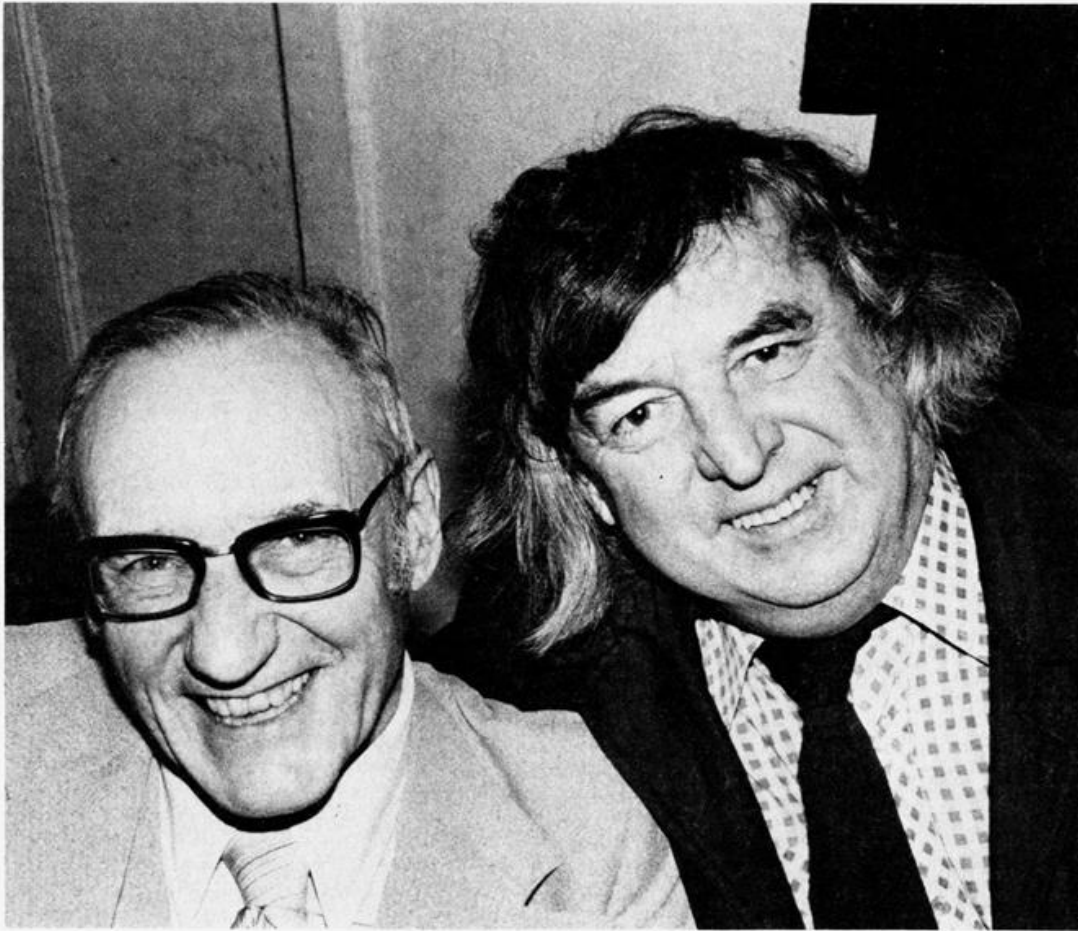
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Interview:

Terry Southern with Bill Burroughs



Two Great Satirists Take the HIGH TIMES Blindfold Test

William Burroughs and Terry Southern, independently and in concert, midwived, suckled, weaned and reared the very special consciousness of our age. Naked Lunch and Candy, Nova Express and Dr. Strangelove, The Ticket That Exploded and Red Dirt Marijuana; if the one most special thing about our age's consciousness is its wholehearted affinity for blowing itself to bits regularly on strange drugs, we have Messrs. Burroughs and Southern to thank for that. Both are now, in their middle years, anointed American Writers from the South, and everything that could possibly mean they embody. These two guys can get away with just about anything now.

HIGH TIMES culture condor Victor Bockris had for over a year been looking for an occasion to formally interview Terry Southern, to whom he had been introduced by Burroughs—"Bill," Bockris smugly calls him—at the 1969 Nova Convention in Toronto. The occasion finally developed

early one autumn day when Southern appeared at Bockris's door bearing a shopping bag stuffed with miscellaneous pharmaceutical remnants from an apothecary of his acquaintance: spansules, vials, tablets, lozenges, suppositories of all sorts, powders, crystals, solutions, ointments, pills and caps, complimentary freebies the drug companies send around to druggists, all unlabeled. Victor, seeing his chance to get both authors on tape—and not knowing, himself, a Sandoz Ergomar from an ayahuasca vine—flipped on his tape recorder and kept Southern rapping while he set up a rendezvous at Burroughs's place in Greenwich Village. Presently they repaired thither, and what transpired—the late 20th-century equivalent of Johnson and Gibbon bullshitting while Boswell kibitzes them—is revealed exclusively in these pages.

by Victor Bockris

High Times: Terry, you've spent a lot of time on the West Coast and know all the inside stuff, so let's begin this thing by talking about drugs in Hollywood, 'cause that's what people are really interested in.

Southern: Drugs in Hollywood! What a paradise. Now you're talking paradise *non artificialia*.

High Times: Is it true that people spend much more money on drugs out there than anywhere else?

Southern: Yeah, but their generosity in terms of sense-derangement drugs—cocaine in particular—is enormous. Weight, weight, weight! That's all they talk about.

High Times: I heard that part of the budget of each film was now given over to the purchase of drugs, so that a movie had, for example, a coke budget.

Southern: I'm sure that that's generally true, but once it has reached the high



Marcia Resnick

Opposite: A smiling Bill (left) and Terry hungrily await an evening of protracted sense-derangement.
Above: Dining at disgusto, Bill and Terry sit down to eat at a New York City singles bar.

instance to come to my attention and your attention, then they probably take it out of the contract, or they've got some code. Actually, it would just be better to raise the budget of the film.

[Assuming voice of outraged manager-type] "This is ridiculous! Now let's just... we've got to get into... piss off! Look what happened to the Rolling Stones for Christsake, and you're risking a coke hassle? Let's just ask for an extra \$150,000. Will that hold you for a couple of weeks? That'll hold you for the two weeks' shooting? You fool! Now go, get your coke."

High Times: When I was out in Hollywood, I heard that a big star walked off the set of his latest picture on the first day of shooting because they hadn't included a coke budget. "No blow, no show," he said, or something.

Southern: Well, people used to do that on location. The prop man would carry a lot of Coors beer in the prop truck, very cold—and, you know, take care of the

actors that way. The prop guy would know what a person's needs were, so then a hip production manager would come along and ask—I'm translating—"Which man has the higher brand of Kaopectate? Mustn't affect their lungs," or something like that. [Whispering] "He's into sunshine, he's into..." They cater to the most outrageous tastes, you see. The idea that they've got them so imperious that they can make these demands in contracts—I'm not saying, no, that they're not that imperious, I'm just saying that once you and I know that it could possibly be in a contract, they're going to keep it out of contracts and they're going to have the money up front, or under the table, or something like that. I mean, the money's incredible.

High Times: How does the movie industry compare to the rock industry in terms of the amount of money being spent on drugs?

Southern: Well, the top of the rock

industry, like the Stones, is the same. After all, the record industry was the first to let it really get out. You know, it was very open, sort of doing dope favors, it was sort of a social thing, it wasn't a setup or anything. Just that, well, you can imagine certain persons, who shall remain nameless, coming into a place and there'd be no toot. I mean they'd just get up and walk off. I don't know that that's happened in the movies. See, on a movie set it's hard to imagine, 'cause what I'm talking about is usually what happens in an office with four or five people. But let's put it this way: I've met people in Hollywood who will toot but won't smoke grass. In other words, they've come into the toot thing before they were getting high on pot.

High Times: To them, grass is still weird?

Southern: Well, sort of. Yeah. I'm trying to figure it out. I think maybe that it goes hand in hand with the health thing, with not smoking at all. They're not putting it

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down socially, I don't think. Maybe they are, it's possible, but I'm just thinking about the effect of this, that there could be a generation of people who don't smoke grass but use coke. I'll tell you a bit about the coke culture that would be of interest to **HIGH TIMES** readers: One of the record producers—and I've never heard this happen in the film industry—gave a certain rock star a pint ice-cream container of coke as a gift, which is, you know, like an incredible gesture. A half a million dollars, I think. Not stepped on too much!

High Times: I hear in Hollywood that a screenwriter like yourself is more and more important.

Southern: If you have a good script, you

the script and he didn't understand it at all.

High Times: But Bill said you went out to L.A. and they had the Rolls at the airport and they sent you back in a VW.

Southern: He's thinking of it as some kind of deliberate put-down. Chuck sent a limo out to pick us up and when he had decided it was totally hopeless, it was actually a Ferrari that took us back to the airport.

[At this point the phone rang. William Burroughs was on the other end. When told of the giant bag of drugs, he advised us to come immediately to his apartment where he would graciously lend his expertise in examining, sorting and classifying the unknown substances. So picking up the bag,

way that I can tell.

Southern: No, but you can usually, see, look at it...

Burroughs: Yeah, yeah, I know.

Southern: *[Reading]* "Fluid control that can make life livable." Well that could apply to blood, water...

High Times: Yes, well, if you haven't got fluid control there's no point in sticking around.

Southern: *[Gets up to organize a garbage bin for the waste]* We'll put just total rejects into this thing.

Burroughs: Well, we don't know yet. I'm just sort of picking out what looks like it might be something, you see *[inspecting another bottle]*. All right.

Southern: *[Excitedly]* See! See! A lot of these things have names you don't realize that you may not be familiar with because they're covering them up. See what they're trying to do. And here's an item for research and a good article: How the pharmaceutical companies connive to beat the FDA thing, you know, and get a Cosonal-type *[a morphine-based cough syrup sold over the counter a few years ago —Ed.]* addictive drug on the market because they know from the Cosonal experience that they're gonna sell. See, if they can get a Cosonal on the market without a 'script they've got a fantastic thing. That's why it's off limits before somebody says, "What, are you kidding, this isn't a safe thing. This is heroin. This is stronger than heroin!"

Burroughs: *[Scrutinizing a bottle]* I don't really know what this stuff may be.

Southern: *[Determined]* There's only one way to find out.

Burroughs: I'd be careful.

Southern: Now a thing like *[picks up a bottle and reads]* "for pimples and acne" *[throws it aside in disgust]*. Now a thing like Icktazinga *[handing it to Bill]*. Does

continued

"Bill, I hope you're not underestimating these synthetic painkillers just because they're not labeled heroin or morphine."

can make a good movie. If you don't have a good script, you can't.

High Times: You seem to have spent most of your time in films in the last decade.

Southern: Yes. Well, I wanted to give it a fair shake. Also the money was good. The money is \$3,500 a week, which is very good for a writer. I mean, you're not going to make that writing articles for *Cosmopolitan*. And it's such a fun thing to do, making movies. Like Stanley Kubrick said, someone asked him if he'd ever taken a vacation and he said, A vacation from what? It would be like taking a child out of the nursery, taking all his toys away and saying, Okay, you're on vacation. And so I've been trying to persuade my son to become a filmmaker. It's a bit too late for me, although I do hope to direct sometime. I actually very nearly had that chance with William Burroughs and Chuck Barris, but we blew it.

High Times: Bill Burroughs has mentioned the famous trip you two took to Hollywood. What was the story?

Southern: Chuck sent me a letter saying, "I've always admired your work and I feel pretty guilty about my own success," which was at this time "The Newlywed Game," "The Dating Game" and some other really bad things. And he said, "If there's anything you would really like to do, I've got \$500,000 earmarked." Just about that same time, by coincidence, Bill showed me this script, "The Last Words of Dutch Schultz." I said, "Ah! That's the thing to do," and I was working on a movie, *The End of the Road*, so I sent the script to Gordon Willis and said, "Can I do this for \$500,000?" And he said, "No, ask for \$750,000." And like a fool, instead of saying "Oh yes we'll do it," and taking the \$500,000, I held out for the \$750,000, and by that time Chuck had started reading

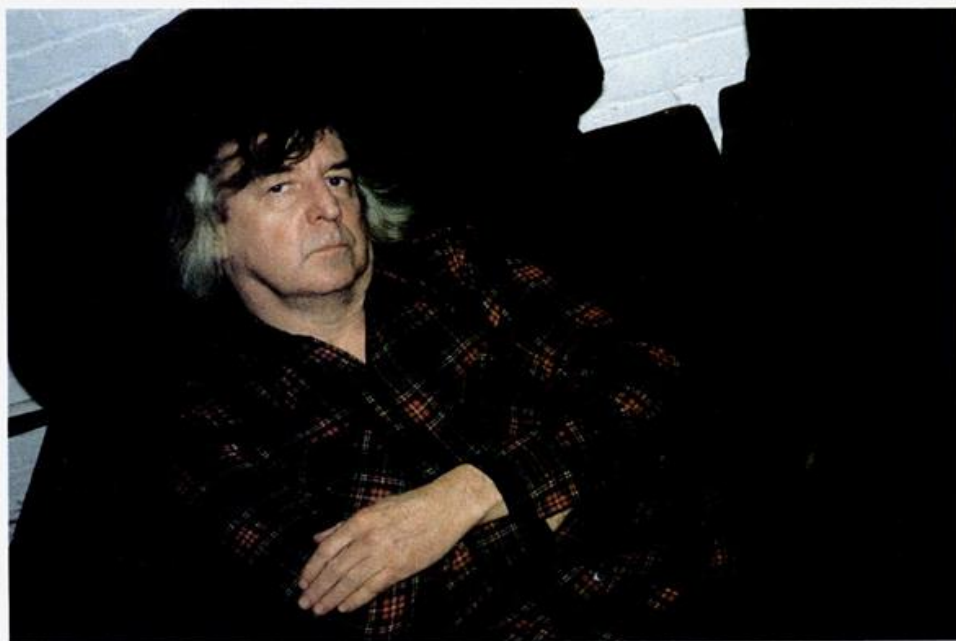
we hurried onto the streets and took a cab over to Burroughs's place. We had no sooner taken off our coats than Burroughs pointed at the bag.]

Burroughs: Now what is all this shit, Terry?

Southern: Bill, this is from Jim's druggist. Now anything you can't cook up, we'll eat it. These are all non-script things that are sent around like Miltowns when they were nonprescription, but see they've gotten so sophisticated now that you can't tell... Well, this druggist agreed to give me all his samples so that we can go through them and see if there's anything that interests you. Not necessarily by what's on the labels, but on examination of the contents.

Burroughs: If it don't got a label on it, no

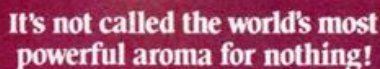
Terry Southern: Before or after?



Marcia Resnick

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Terry Southern (left) with artist Larry Rivers.

that ring a bell? Not that it should, mind, because...

Burroughs: If it's chewable—I'm not much interested in anything chewable. *[Makes a wry face.]*

Southern: But they're saying chew one at a time and I'm saying, cook up eighty. If one will chew, eighty will cook up.

High Times: Well, here's a diuretic. With six diuretics you could...

Southern: Oh! Hey, that's... a diuretic is full of paregoric, I think.

Burroughs: No, no...

Southern: When I say a diuretic is full of a spasm-relieving—I mean, a nerve killer—a coke-type—

Burroughs: A diuretic—

Southern: ...cooked up—

Burroughs: Is something to promote urine, my dear. It causes urine. That's all it's for.

Southern: Hmmm, really?

Burroughs: Yeah. That's what diuretic means.

Southern: To cause urine?

Burroughs: Yeah.

Southern: I take vitamin C for that myself.

High Times: Well, these could be anything here without a label. Look at these pills.

Southern: Well, I know, but you pay your money and you take your chances.

High Times: Take six of these and we'll watch you.

Southern: All right, then. I suggest we single one thing out and see. I'm sure something'll turn up. We'll put everything questionable here and we'll match them up later. Group tests! Trial and error! I suppose it'll have to be another case of trial and error, doctor.

Burroughs: Yes.

Southern: Well, we've gone through many of these trial-and-error things before.

High Times: I've got a few innocent—I mean, willing victims lined up.

Southern: Oh, I think we can handle it, ha, ha, ha.

Burroughs: What do you mean *we*? I ain't taking—if you take any of that shit, you crazy, man.

Southern: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! What is this?

Burroughs: It's disposable. *[Bill throws it into the can.]*

Southern: What you have just done, my good friend, is tantamount to admitting that hairdressing oil cannot be cooked down to some essential element that's suitable for shooting up.

High Times: Now here's nicotinic acid. What's this like?

Burroughs: That's vitamins, my dear.

Southern: That could be a synthetic

**“This stuff is going straight into
the garbage can—nonnarcotic.
I don't want anything nonnarcotic.”**

speed.

High Times: It says “for prolonged action.”

Southern: I say it might be synthetic speed.

Burroughs: I'm looking for the word *pain* and I ain't seen it yet.

High Times: Hey! What's this stuff?

Burroughs: Here you go. This could be it. *[Bill inspects an ancient-looking bottle with an old, dark green label on it.]* Yes, this is the stuff. Well, it's got a little something. It's got a little codeine in it.

Southern: We'll have to savor it, savor it. But listen, Bill, I hope you're not underestimating these synthetic painkillers, just because they're not labeled *heroin* or *morphine*.

High Times: Now here's something we don't need. *[Reads]* “Clean acne lotion for nubile...” *[Terry grabs it and slings it into the can.]*

Southern: You sure you're not overlooking any of the new synthetics, Bill?

Burroughs: Man, I know every synthetic.

High Times: These look like birth-control pills.

Southern: Looks like it, but it could be euphoriaville.

High Times: Euphoriaville?

Southern: Don't you understand? The legitimate drug is on the lam. Everybody is picking up, and so it's a question of the old Miltown syndrome. I mean they gotta be very cool. They can't just say, “This is for relieving” because that's too obvious. Then the FDA instantly knows, “Hey, *pain!* This is Cosonal.”

Burroughs: Man, the FDA has to know before they can even send out a sample, believe me.

High Times: This is for hypertension so this is a down, right?

Southern: Bill's threshold of tolerance is getting lower.

Burroughs: Hypertension is for high blood pressure.

Southern: *[Exasperated]* It's a down, man, it's a down.

Burroughs: No it isn't.

High Times: Hey, I found some niacin!

Burroughs: Man! Don't you know what niacin is? It's a vitamin-B complex.

Southern: *[Getting serious]* Well, let me ask you this, Dr. Benway, do you acknowledge the existence of an attempt to pass on to a not-unsuspecting public—on the contrary, to an all too eagerly awaiting public—some sort of drug that they would recognize that would eliminate pain?

Burroughs: No, I categorically deny this because, see, in order to consume a drug

orally you've gotta have the FDA...

Southern: Well, how did Cosonal get in?

Burroughs: What does it have to do with Cosonal?

Southern: Cosonal was this cough syrup. This is while you were out of the country. There was a period of about a year and a half where there would be situations where you'd run into a room full of kicking junkies literally ankle deep in Cosonal bottles. They were having to drink like fifteen bottles of Cosonal, which were eighty-five cents a bottle, and then started going up inexplicably.

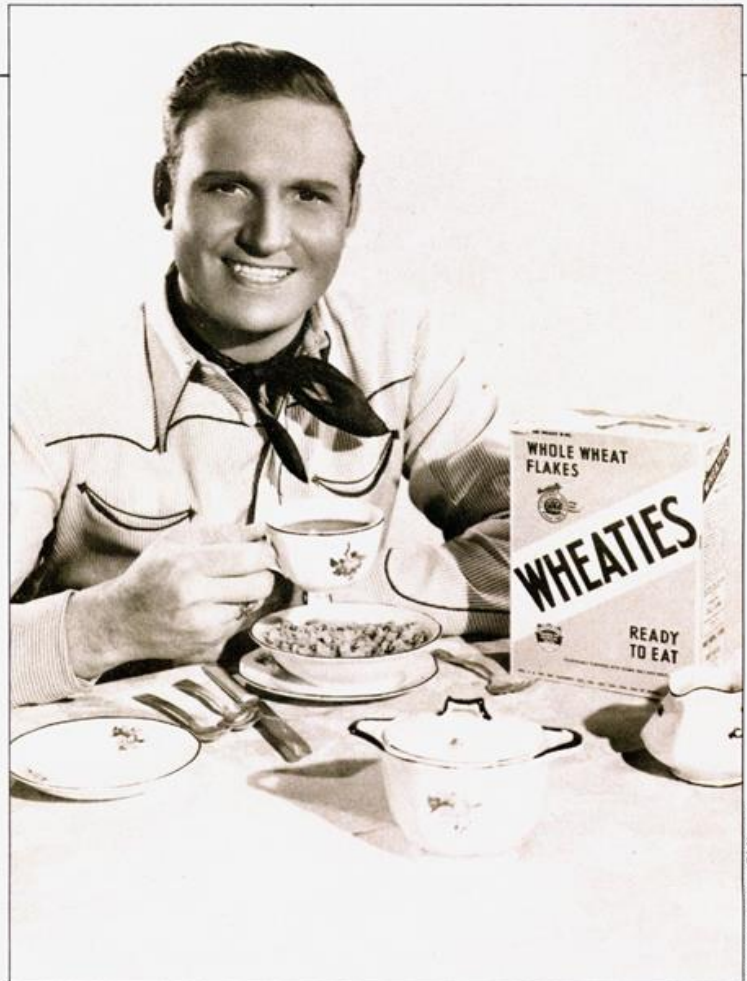
Burroughs: Believe me, nothing gets by the FDA. You can't put it out. They won't okay it.

continued on page 98

They Went Thataway

V

IEWED BY MANY AS THE LAWRENCE WELK OF TV COWBOYS, Gene Autry was only a telegraph operator when Will Rogers got him a job on CBS's "Melody Ranch." After spending 18 years with the radio gig, Autry lassoed a movie contract and crooned his way through a host of low-budget serials. Returning from the U.S. Air Corps after World War II, Autry was chagrined to find that he had been replaced as king of the singing cowboys by Roy ("We got platters") Rogers. Autry retaliated by cutting the legendary single "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer" (which sold 130 million copies) and organizing Flying A Productions, which produced "The Gene Autry Show" for television. Autry's cowboy was a bland, clean-cut wimp of an hombre, but nonetheless it made him millions. Still alive and kickin', Autry now spends little time in the saddle what with overseeing a financial empire that includes radio and TV stations, hotels, music publishing companies and a major-league baseball club.



Courtesy of Jerry Ohlinger

A Pictorial History of the TV Cowboy by Harry Wasserman

In the beginning there was Hoppy, Gene and the Lone Ranger. These early TV cowboys were for the most part loners who took it upon themselves to defend the populace from greedy bankers and crooked sheriffs. Aired in the afternoon and aimed at adolescents, none of these TV cowboys ever killed anybody; they kissed only their horses.

Then the TV cowboy rode into prime time with "adult" Westerns like "Gunsmoke," in which Marshall Dillon killed several crooks an episode and was obviously having an affair with Miss Kitty. Unlike the earlier TV outlaw-heroes, the hero of the "adult" Western was an authority figure who had to protect the community from lawlessness, anarchy and subversion by outside agitators.

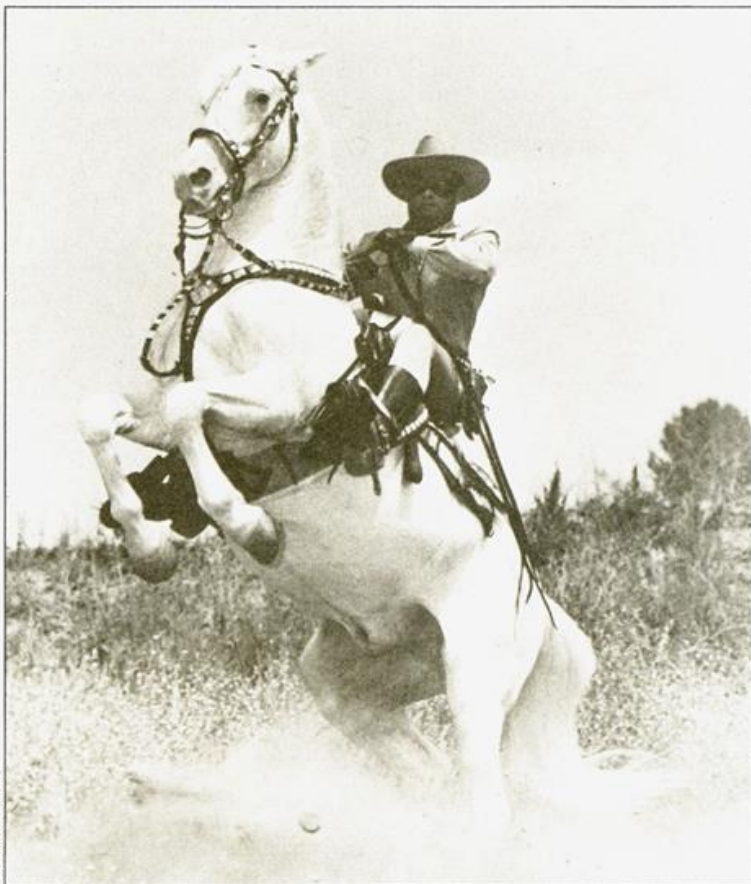
Audiences who didn't like these square-jawed straight-shooters could soon switch the dial to watch Steve McQueen as a bounty hunter in "Wanted Dead or Alive," or Richard Boone as the intellectual hired gun Paladin in "Have Gun Will Travel." Paladin, dressed in black like Hopalong Cassidy, was an outlaw-hero like the first TV cowboys, but he didn't have their innocence—he, too, hated greed and corruption, but

he wasn't above doing a little killing, fucking and boozing on the side.

The heroes of the family Westerns in the early '60s—"Bonanza," "The Virginian," "The Big Valley," "The High Chapparal"—were the rich landowners whom the original TV outlaw-heroes had often fought. Lorne Greene of "Bonanza" later adapted his Ben Cartwright father figure to command the wagon-train spaceship on the TV space-Western "Battlestar Galactica." And Little Joe (Michael Landon) later grew up to father his own family on "Little House on the Prairie."

As time passed, the TV lawman transmogrified into the cowboy secret agent—with a tip of the Stetson to James Bond and "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." on "The Wild Wild West." The cowboy myth came full circle, though, with "Dallas" and its chief bad guy, J.R. Ewing stands as the exact opposite of everything that good ol' Hoppy fought for. He's a wealthy, corrupt rascal who in the past would have never gotten anywhere near a white hat.

The original TV cowboy was created by a bunch of



BY FAR THE MOST INTRIGUING OF THE EARLY TV COWBOYS was the Lone Ranger. Although he spent his time righting wrongs, he was still considered an outlaw because he wore a black mask, hung out with an Indian and took the law into his own hands. Clayton Moore, who had played other outlaw-hero types (Jesse James and Zorro) in movie serials, starred as the enigmatic wanderer for most of the TV show's eight-year duration. Originally a radio show created by George W. Trendle, the Lone Ranger was the last of the early TV cowboys, offering kids (and their parents, too, if they cared to watch) the pure American frontier fantasy of rugged individualism. Leaving a single silver bullet as his calling card, the Lone Ranger and his companion, Tonto, never sought any reward for the good they'd done. Off in a cloud of dust, they'd leave the townspeople shaking their heads and muttering, "Who was that masked man, anyway?"

OF ALL THE TV HEROES OF THE OLD WEST, NONE WAS EVER more consciously upright, gentlemanly and polite than Hopalong Cassidy. Based on a character created by Clarence E. Mulford, a Brooklyn license clerk who had never been west of Chicago, Hoppy was the good-guy that dressed in black. William Boyd, veteran Hollywood actor, played Hoppy in the 54 movie serials that were made before high production costs brought the operation to the brink of bankruptcy. With his back to the wall, Boyd then sold his ranch and used the money to buy the Hoppy character outright from its Paramount distributor. He then managed to sell NBC-TV a Hopalong Cassidy teleseries for \$250,000. In a couple of years, Boyd was not only the most popular cowboy star on TV, he was TV's most popular star *period*. Boyd explained the enormous success of Hopalong Cassidy thusly: "I have played down the violence, tried to make Hoppy an admirable character and insisted on grammatical English."



maverick independent producers and reflected their iconoclasm. They offered an alluring dream to kids stuck in school and to their parents stuck in dead-end jobs. But the corporate networks, financed by commercials from big-business sponsors, started producing prime-time Westerns with reactionary law-and-order heroes in towns and later patriarchal ranch barons in the suburbs. The lawman

Westerns were sponsored by cigarette manufacturers. The family Westerns were sponsored by car companies advertising "ranch wagons"—station wagons for the suburbanite to drive through his own "spread." Meanwhile, Clayton Moore, forced to remove his Lone Ranger mask by the Wrather Corporation, has been reduced to endorsing sunglasses to make a decent living.

IN 1955 CAME THE ARRIVAL OF THE "ADULT" WESTERN, AND who could think of anything more adult than having the madam of a cowboy whorehouse as a co-star. Well, the producers of "Gunsmoke" couldn't, and that's how Miss Kitty was born. Complete with sheer blouses and beauty mark on her cheek, this buxom armful, played by Amanda Blake, teamed up with Matt Dillon to provide for some of the most interesting and insightful of TV's adult Westerns. Dillon, played by James Arness, was the soft-spoken, hulking marshal of Dodge City. At the beginning of each show, "Gunsmoke" fans got to see him confront an adversary and shoot him dead. Near the end, though, of the show's unprecedented 20-year run, Americans began to decry the lasciviousness and brutality that was glutting the home screen; Miss Kitty's character was then cleaned up, and the show's beginning, shorn of violence, depicted a much more placid Dodge City. Things were changing. No longer was the Western merely a moral allegory in which violence was the resolution of a moral crisis; now there was a moral crisis over the use of violence.



Movie Star News



Courtesy of Jerry Ohlinger

A FEW YEARS LATER A BROODING PRESENCE DESCENDED ON the living rooms of America. Answering to an obscure name, quoting Shelley and Keats, he was a cynical mercenary who killed not for law and order but for pay. He had a mustache, always dressed in black and wore a holster with the silver symbol of a white knight chess piece. The same symbol was embossed on his calling card, which read, simply: "Wire Paladin, Hotel Carlton, San Francisco." Played by Richard Boone, Paladin on "Have Gun Will Travel" was the total antithesis of the typical "adult" Western hero. He was a volatile mixture of high intellect and wild uncontrollable passion. Like the earlier TV cowboys, he wasn't tied down to a job or a family; he was an outsider who preferred to go his own way. After five years of doing the show, Boone (who had a little Paladin in himself) began to get bored and asked to quit. To his great relief, and to his viewers' disappointment, the show was ended after its sixth season.

BY THE EARLY 1960s THE YOUNG WESTERN FANS WHO GREW UP watching the cowboy movie serials had become family men with homes in the suburbs. What better way to attract them, thought TV producers, than with Westerns about family men living in the closest thing the old West had to the suburbs—ranches. Of all the family Westerns, and there were tons of them, the most popular was "Bonanza." Debuting in 1959, it was the second longest running TV Western after "Gunsmoke." "Bonanza" starred Pa Cartwright and his sons, Adam, Hoss and Little Joe (played by Lorne Greene, Pernell Roberts, Dan Blocker and Michael Landon, respectively). But the real star of "Bonanza" was the Ponderosa, the Cartwrights' ranch. It was a huge, sprawling mass that seemed at times to be twice the size of the Louisiana Purchase. Each week the Cartwrights would be kicking some new squatter or small farmer off their land. On the family Westerns the landowners were the law, and true power no longer came from the barrel of a gun but from the rich fatcats who hired the gunmen.

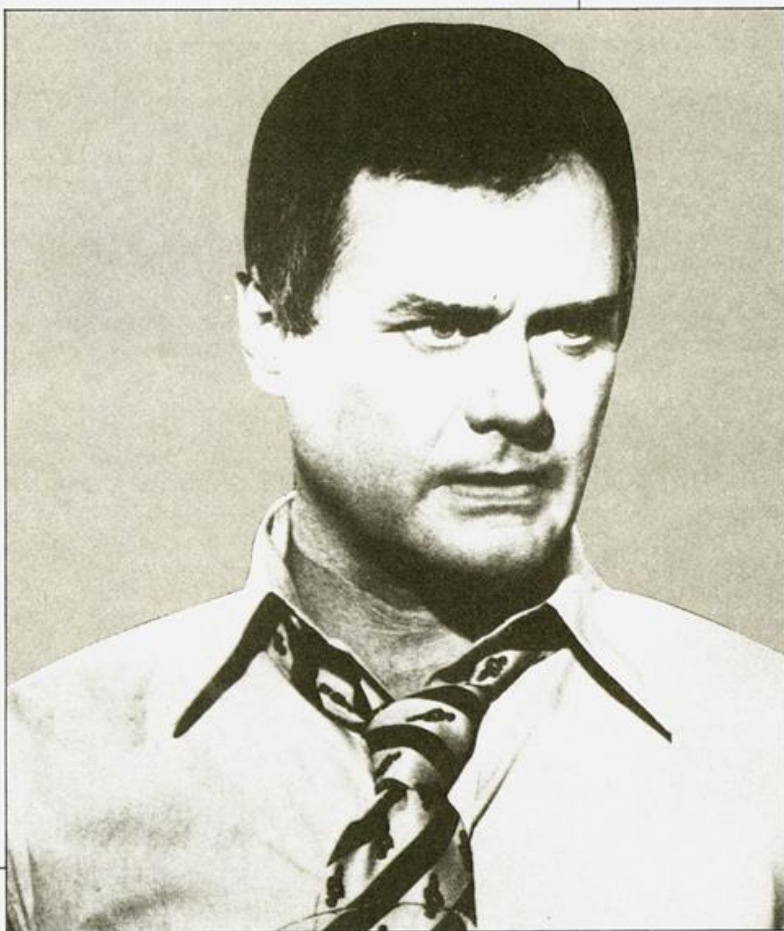


Movie Star News



BY THE MID '60S THE TV AUDIENCE HAD BEEN SATURATED with Westerns, but the networks were determined to produce a few more. The most successful of the new Westerns was "The Wild Wild West," in which Robert Conrad and Ross Martin starred as James T. West and Artemis Gordon, two secret agents who reported directly to the president. The show was a James Bond takeoff of the old West, replete with ingenious gadgets, supervillains and disguises. As a super-coupe would look a bit weird tooling through the prairie, West and Gordon were given their own lavishly equipped locomotive, complete with hot and cold running lovelies. "The Wild Wild West" succeeded in spite of the fact that viewer interest in the cowboy had already peaked, because its scripts combined high adventure with just the right amount of tongue-in-cheek humor a la James Bond.

THE REPOSITORY OF ALMOST 35 YEARS OF TV-COWBOY HISTORY is a greedy pig-of-an-oil-baron, a vicious moral reprobate who leaves both financial and emotional ruin in his wake. In the '70s most Americans stopped buying the premises of the old cowboy shows, what with Watergate and everything. Yet as the frontier slipped away a new one rose to take its place. This one wasn't made of forests, rivers and mountains but of steel, glass and oil. And it took a new kind of hero to develop this frontier. It took a wheeler-dealer type who wouldn't think twice about selling his mother to the Arabs in order to make a few extra bucks. And we Americans, being what we are, would settle for nothing but the best, for nothing short of that first-class corporate sleaze weasel, J.R. □



My Acid Trip with Groucho

See the Sacred Word and Win \$100

by Paul Krassner

If you take the name of a certain former vice-president, Spiro Agnew, and scramble the letters around, you can rearrange it to spell out Grow A Penis. Such appropriateness can give your boundaries of coincidence permanent stretch marks. After all, when Sen. Charles Goodell came out against the war in Vietnam, it was Agnew who called him "the Christine Jorgensen of the Republican Party"—thus equating military might with the mere presence of a cock.

Years ago, when Mike Wallace interviewed me for "60 Minutes," and asked about the difference between the underground press and the mainstream media, I told him about the above anagram and said, "The difference is that I could print that in the *Realist*, but it'll be edited out of this program."

My prediction was accurate, so

naturally I took an immediate vow never to appear on any TV show again unstoned. Which in turn explains why eating magic mushrooms was practically a prerequisite for my being interviewed by Tom Snyder.

Now, Andy Friendly had only been doing his job when he was reading the Sex and Dope issue of *HIGH TIMES* in September 1978. As a producer for the "Tomorrow" show, he was always on the lookout for potential guests, and there was a particularly bizarre interview with me in that issue, so he called up to invite me on the show.

There were a few follow-up phone conversations to explore areas that the televised interview might cover. The subject of drug use came up, and I said, "Well, maybe we could talk about my old psychedelic macho. I've

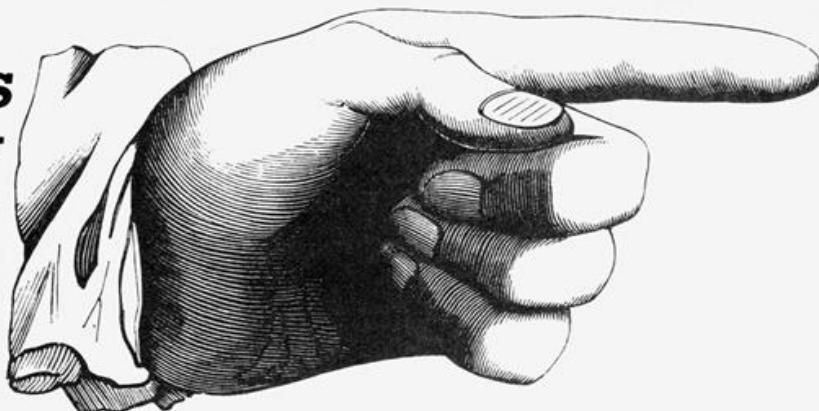
taken LSD in all kinds of unusual situations: when I testified at the Chicago Conspiracy Trial; on the Johnny Carson show—Orson Bean was guest host—I was sort of a guide for Groucho Marx once; while I was researching the Manson case I took acid with a few women in the family, including Squeaky Fromme and Sandra Good. It was a kind of participatory journalism...."

The interview was scheduled for November 30.

"That's my birthday," said Abbie Hoffman, still on the lam at the time. "Would you wish me a happy birthday on the show?"

The "Tomorrow" show flew me from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and a chauffeured limousine delivered me to a fancy hotel, where I proceeded to partake of those magic mushrooms. My mood was intensely

**"Always
stay
in your
own
movie."
—Ken Kesey**



"They took you off the streets," Manson informed Leary, "so that I could continue with your work."

sensual. What I really wanted was an exquisite massage. I called an old friend who is a professional masseuse.

Since she was also an old lover, it was not totally surprising that we began fucking on the bed before she even set up her table. She finally broke the sweet silence of our postcoital afterglow with this whisper: "But I'll have to charge you for the massage."

November 1978 was the month of that unspeakable Jonestown massacre and, a week later, the political assassination of San Francisco mayor George Moscone and gay supervisor Harvey Milk by ex-cop Dan White. The mushrooms were really coming on strong when Tom Snyder—who has an FM mind in an AM body and was apparently doing his impression of "Saturday Night Live's" Dan Aykroyd doing *him*—asked me, in effect, to justify San Francisco as the locale of such sequential horror.

"Nyah, nyah," I began, "my city's more violent than yours...."

When he asked me about the trip with Groucho, I replied, "Well, there's a whole *context*"—but due to the demands of televised pacing, we barely got into it before Snyder wanted to know about my six months as publisher of *Hustler* and what it was I said to the Hare Krishna pushers at the airport. Just before the show ended, though, I managed to remember to wish Abbie Hoffman a happy birthday.

Recently, a HIGH TIMES editor recalled seeing that interview on TV and invited me to write the story, which finally completes this media cycle.

The Timothy Leary Connection

Think of this as a piece of combat history. To fully understand the context in which this battle for the will has been taking place, you need only retrace the chronological profile of G. Gordon Liddy—from his role as a Poughkeepsie district attorney who raided the Millbrook mansion where LSD was an experimental sacrament to his function as a CIA operative who offered to assassinate Jack Anderson on behalf of the Nixon administration.

Had Liddy been given the go-ahead, columnist Anderson wouldn't have been around to embarrass the Carter administration into not



invading Iran, and we might be in the middle of World War III at this very moment.

In 1963, in my capacity as editor and Zen bastard of the *Realist*, I had assigned Robert Anton Wilson to investigate the game being played at Millbrook. In my capacity as stand-up comic and drug virgin, I had been poking fun at all the highs I'd never tried.

Wilson came back and presented me with our cover story, "Timothy Leary and His Psychological H-Bomb." After it was published, Leary called to invite me for a weekend at Millbrook. Working with him were Ralph Metzner and Richard Alpert. Somehow, despite all the accoutrements of Eastern religion, the scene was quite American. Even this top level of the psychedelic hierarchy consisted of a Catholic, a Protestant and a Jew.

Yet they were performing a cosmic task, this trio of Ph.D. dropouts, helping to spread the expansion of consciousness in the middle of a sadomasochistic empire whose perpetuation depended upon the mass contraction of consciousness.

Originally, the CIA had intended to use LSD as one more means of manipulating the population. That scenario backfired. A generation who trusted their friends more than their government deprogrammed themselves from the society that had shaped them, and then reprogrammed themselves into an

infinite variety of incarnations.

The think tanks had not formulated a contingency plan for this counterculture that was refusing to be brainwashed into becoming consumer and military zombies. This —*mutation!*—would certainly have to be discredited.

LSD influenced music, painting, spirituality and the stock market. Tim Leary let me listen in on a call from a Wall Street broker thanking him for turning him onto acid because it had given him the courage to sell short.

Leary had a certain sense of pride about famous folks he and his associates had introduced to the magic potion. Cary Grant had become a father at age 74, thanks to LSD, and likewise, Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute now talked about "spasms" of information.

Years later, I gave Kahn a superficial tour of the Lower East Side. We stopped in a bookstore. Among this thinker of the unthinkable's purchases was *LSD and Problem Solving* by Peter Stafford.

Meanwhile, I had become a gung-ho acidhead, a public propagandist. I wrote a lot about LSD. Sometimes I would take a tab right onstage at the beginning of a performance, verbally sharing my journey with the audience, hoping I could get a few





laughs while simultaneously maintaining my juggling act without dropping any chromosomes and damaging them.

The Charles Manson Connection

There's a new-wave band whose name itself—Sharon Tate's Baby—is a tribute to time warps everywhere. For it is now nearly a dozen years since Charles Manson, a victim-executioner sired by the prison system, dispatched his perverted commune to mutilate and kill a group of people in the privacy of their home. Among the slain was Sharon Tate, a pregnant actress.

Her husband, Roman Polanski, director of *Rosemary's Baby*, was out of the country at the time. Now he is out of the country again, this time to avoid prosecution for consorting with a voluptuous 13-year-old.

Young idealists on their way to the Woodstock Festival that weekend in the summer of '69 kept passing newsstands with headlines of the gory multiple murder. Not all the details emerged. Others dead:

- Jay Sebring, hairdresser, dealer of marijuana and cocaine—earlier that evening, a member of a coke ring had appeared at the house—his body would later be found stuffed in a car trunk in New York;

- Voytek Frokowski, who with Sebring was preparing to become U.S. distributors of MDA;

- Abigail Folger, coffee heiress, girl friend of Frokowski and campaigner for Tom Bradley, L.A.'s first black mayor—she was a far cry from the conservative image of Mrs. Olson in her father's TV commercials.

Manson was an eclectic. He borrowed techniques from

Transactional Analysis and Scientology alike. There was even a Scientology E-Meter (lie detector) on the blind man's ranch where Charlie kept his harem. He used sex and music and isolation and ritual and fakery—whatever worked. He was a pimp and a hypnotist. He dispensed LSD tablets as though they were timed-release Dog Yummies.

I interviewed Preston Guillory, who had been a deputy with the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department when they eventually busted the Manson ranch. He stated that before the murders, they had been told to leave Charlie alone—despite complaints about his violations of parole (including, ironically, statutory rape)—because "something big was coming down."

"Why were you given such an order?"

"I don't know," Guillory replied. "We didn't question our superiors."

"Did you at least speculate as to the reason?"

"Oh, we just figured they were gonna kill Black Panthers."

Thus did the racism of the sheriffs render them collaborators of Charles Manson, who had wanted to start a race war. He instructed his followers to leave clues making it appear that black militants were responsible for the killings. When the family was arrested, however, it merely served to give hippies a bad name.

Before Willie Nelson made the look respectable again, there was John Linley Frasier, a long-haired, headbanded freak in the Santa Cruz mountains who was involved in an awesome mass murder a year after Charles Manson. He later became a prison mate of Manson, mentioning in a letter that "me and Charlie are still trying to figure out how long our

leashes were and who's been pissin' on them..."

And so it came to pass that Charles Manson was stuck in solitary confinement at Folsom Prison when a new inmate was placed in the adjoining cell. It was Tim Leary, fresh from being hounded around the world. He was eventually captured with Joanna Harcourt-Smith, who later admitted working for the Drug Enforcement Agency.

"They took you off the streets," Manson informed Leary, "so that I could continue with your work."

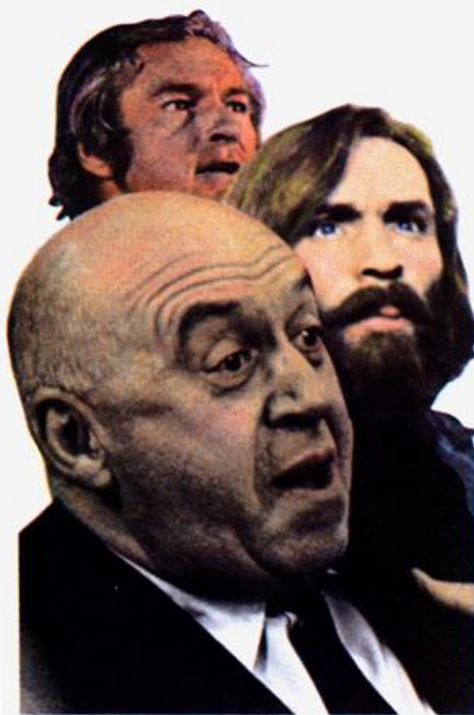
Charlie couldn't understand how Leary had given so many people acid without trying to "control" them. Still, I remember a certain vested interest Leary had in having been a catalyst for their transformation. He enjoyed whatever influence he had wielded in the change of attitude toward LSD that Henry Luce had brought to *Time* and *Life*.

But, Leary once remarked, "I consider Otto Preminger one of our failures."

The Otto Preminger Connection

The FBI has been getting a bad press lately. They were being accused of hounding Jean Seberg to suicide. Documents proved they had spread a story that she was pregnant by a leader of the Black Panther Party. Then, in order to defend itself, the FBI released their tape of a tapped phone conversation wherein Jean Seberg tells a surprised Panther how pleased he should be that she's carrying his baby.

It is enough to make the left and right lobes of your brain start



humping each other. What will the next layer of reality be? Will yet another document reveal that the Black Panther was actually an undercover agent?

But the FBI was not the first to toy with Jean Seberg's destiny. She was originally chosen from among thousands of contestants by Otto Preminger for the starring role in his film, *Joan of Arc*. While she was being burned at the stake, her garments actually did catch on fire. Jean Seberg screamed with such a passion for survival at that moment, it seemed to preclude the possibility of ever taking her own life.

And Otto Preminger, bless his professional heart, knew that this was one scene he had on the first take.

I've met Preminger on two occasions. The first was in 1960. I was conducting a panel on censorship for *Playboy*. Preminger had defied Hollywood's official seal of approval by not censoring *The Moon Is Blue*. In retrospect, it hardly looks courageous, but Preminger refused to take out the word "virgin."

Anyway, at the end of our interview, he asked, "Ven you tronscribe dis, vill you fix op my Henglish?"

"Oh, sure," I replied quickly. "Of course."

He glared at me and shouted, "Vy? Vot's drong viz my Henglish?"

The second time I saw Preminger was a decade later. We were both guests on the Merv Griffin show (Orson Bean was guest host again). I had taken mescaline for the occasion. Another guest was comedian Jackie Vernon. Responding to the length of my hair, he said, "Why don't you take a bath?"

Nobody had ever asked me that on network television before. Later, Monday morning quarterbacking, George Carlin would have an Aikido-like suggestion—"You should've said, 'Why, thank you, Jackie, I hadn't considered that'—but at that instant I was caught off balance and just kept silent. So did the audience. The tension was broken by Otto Preminger.

"Dot iss duh seekness ov our society, dis stereo-typical ottitood."

Now the audience applauded. And then we went to a commercial. There is a definite rhythm a director brings to a TV talk show. . . .

Between those two occasions, Otto Preminger made a movie called *Skidoo*. It was proacid propaganda thinly disguised as a comedy adventure.

And the part of God was played

by Groucho Marx.

Recently Tim Leary cheerfully admitted to me: "I was fooled by Otto Preminger. He was much hipper than I was."

The Lenny Bruce Connection

Steve Allen became the first subscriber to the *Realist* in 1958. He sent in several gift subscriptions, including one for Lenny Bruce, who was busy fighting the press label "sick comic." Lenny and I developed a close friendship. In 1962, *Playboy* assigned me as editor of his autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, which they were serializing.

Traveling around with Lenny Bruce was an incredible delight. It was a theatrical education to watch him sculpt his offstage perceptions

suspended in midair, he uttered: "Man shall rise above the rule!" Then he surrendered to the law of gravity and plummeted to the sidewalk below. Both legs had to be put in casts, and for a while he became the Hermit of Hollywood Hills.

Around that time, Jerry Hopkins—who had opened the first head shop in L.A., and later became the biographer of Elvis Presley and Jim Morrison—was producing the Steve Allen show. He arranged for me to do a one-night stand at the Steve Allen Theater. Lenny Bruce was in the audience, and so was Groucho Marx.

At one point in the show, I was talking about the importance of having empathy for other people's perversions. During a question-and-answer session that followed, Lenny stood up on his crutches and asked

Lenny fell backward through the window of his hotel room.



into onstage routines. But, as his environment became more and more the courtroom, so did the contradictions of the law become more and more the canvas for his craft.

Although Lenny was a tremendous influence on me as a performer, I was not at all into drugs at the time. Once I asked him about the apparent inconsistency between his free-form lifestyle and his having to stop everything in order to shoot up. He replied, "Well, you stop to eat, don't you?"

He described heroin—"It's like kissing God." And who could fault him for that?

In the winter of 1964, stoned on a combination of DMT and LSD, Lenny fell backward through the window of his San Francisco hotel room. At the precise moment that he was

what I had meant by that.

"Well, once I was sitting in the subway—it was rush hour and really crowded—and an elderly lady's buttocks kept rubbing against my shoulder, and I began to get aroused. . . ."

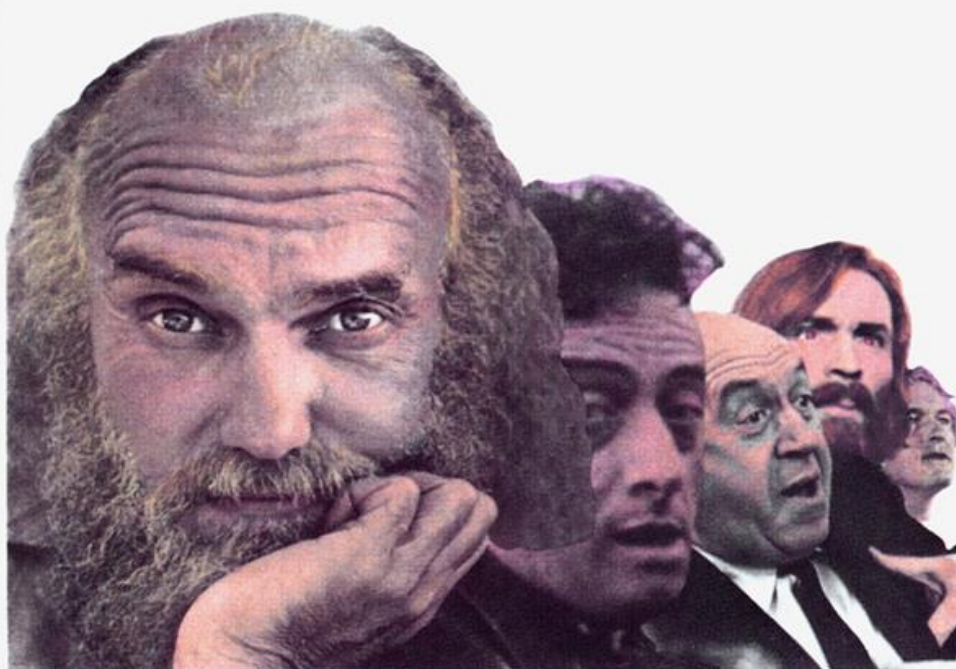
"You're sick!" Lenny yelled.

"Thank you, Mr. President," I responded, ending the show right there.

Later, I met Groucho Marx for the first time.

"That was very smart, the way you finished," he said. "Besides, I was getting fidgety in my seat."





The Ram Dass Connection

By the mid '60s I had become such a dope fiend that I kept my entire stash in a bank-vault deposit box. Once a week I would don my *Cosa Nostra* sweatshirt ("We aim to please!") and get my supply of LSD—to give away, sell, swallow, whatever.

It was, for you brand-name fans, Owsley White Lightning—300 micrograms of separate reality. I bought my acid from Dick Alpert to finance his trip to India where his guru renamed him Baba Ram Dass. "Come fuck the universe with me," his postcard beckoned, but I already had an American guru—Mortimer Snerd, ventriloquist Edgar Bergen's dummy. One time Bergen asked his main dummy, Charlie McCarthy, "What are you doing?" Charlie answered, "Nothing." And then Mortimer Snerd said in his goofy buck-tooth country bumpkin style, "Well, how d'ya know when yer finished?"

Anyway, Ram Dass kept seeking illumination and having his feet kissed by strangers, while I stayed home and got a call from Groucho Marx.

He was going to be in an Otto Preminger film called *Skidoo*, and it was pretty much advocating LSD, and he had never tried it but was not only curious but also felt a responsibility to his audience not to steer them wrong, so could I get him some pure stuff and would I care to accompany him on the trip?

I did not play hard to get.

The acid with which Ram Dass—in his final moments as Dick Alpert—failed to get his guru higher was the same acid that I had the honor of taking with Groucho Marx. As I left the bank vault that week, I

was breathing slowly and deeply so that I would not laugh my ass off in the lobby.

The Groucho Marx Connection

We ingested those little white tabs one afternoon at the home of an actress in Beverly Hills.

Groucho was interested in the social background of the drug. There were two items that particularly tickled his fancy.

One was about the day acid was outlawed. Hippies were standing around the streets, waiting for the exact appointed minute to strike so they could all publicly swallow their LSD the exact second it became illegal.

The other was how the tour bus would pass through Haight-Ashbury and passengers would try to take snapshots of the local alien creatures, who in turn would hold mirrors up to the bus windows so that the tourists would see themselves focusing their cameras.

I told Groucho about the first thing I ever sold to the old Steve Allen show. It was a sketch called "Unsung Heroes of Television." Among the heroes was the individual whose sole job it was to listen intently the whole half hour for somebody to say the secret word on *You Bet Your Life* and then to drop that decoy duck when the word was said.

He told me about one of his favorite contestants—"a gentleman with white hair, on in years but a chipper fellow. I inquired as to what he did to retain his sunny disposition. 'Well, I'll tell you, Groucho,' he says, 'every morning I get up and I *make a choice* to be happy that day.'"

We had long periods of silence, and of listening to music. I was accustomed to playing rock 'n' roll while tripping, but the record collection here was all classical and Broadway show albums. After we heard the Bach "Cantata No. 7" Groucho said, "I may be Jewish, but I was seeing the most beautiful visions of Gothic cathedrals. Do you think Bach *knew* he was doing that?"

Later, we were listening to the score of a musical comedy, *Fanny*. There was one song called "Welcome Home," where the lyrics go something like, "Welcome home, says the clock," and the chair says, "Welcome home," and so do various other pieces of furniture. Groucho started acting out each line, as if he were actually *being* greeted by the clock, the chair and so forth. He was like a child, charmed by his own ability to respond to the music that way.

There was a point when our conversation somehow got into a negative space. Groucho was equally bitter about institutions such as marriage ("like quicksand") and individuals such as Lyndon Johnson ("that potato-head"). Eventually, I asked, "What gives you hope?"

Groucho thought for a moment. Then he said just one word out loud: "People."

After a while, he started chuckling to himself. I hesitated to interrupt his revelry. Finally he spoke: "I'm really getting quite a kick out of this notion of playing God like a dirty old man in *Skidoo*. You wanna know why? Do you realize that irreverence and reverence are the *same thing*?"

"Always?"

"If they're not, then it's a misuse of your power to make people laugh."

And right after he said that, his eyes began to tear.

When he came back from peeing, he said, "Everybody is waiting for miracles to happen. The human *body* is a goddam *miracle*."

He mentioned, "I had a little crush on Marilyn Monroe when we were making *Love Happy*. I remember I got a hard-on just *talking* to her on the set."

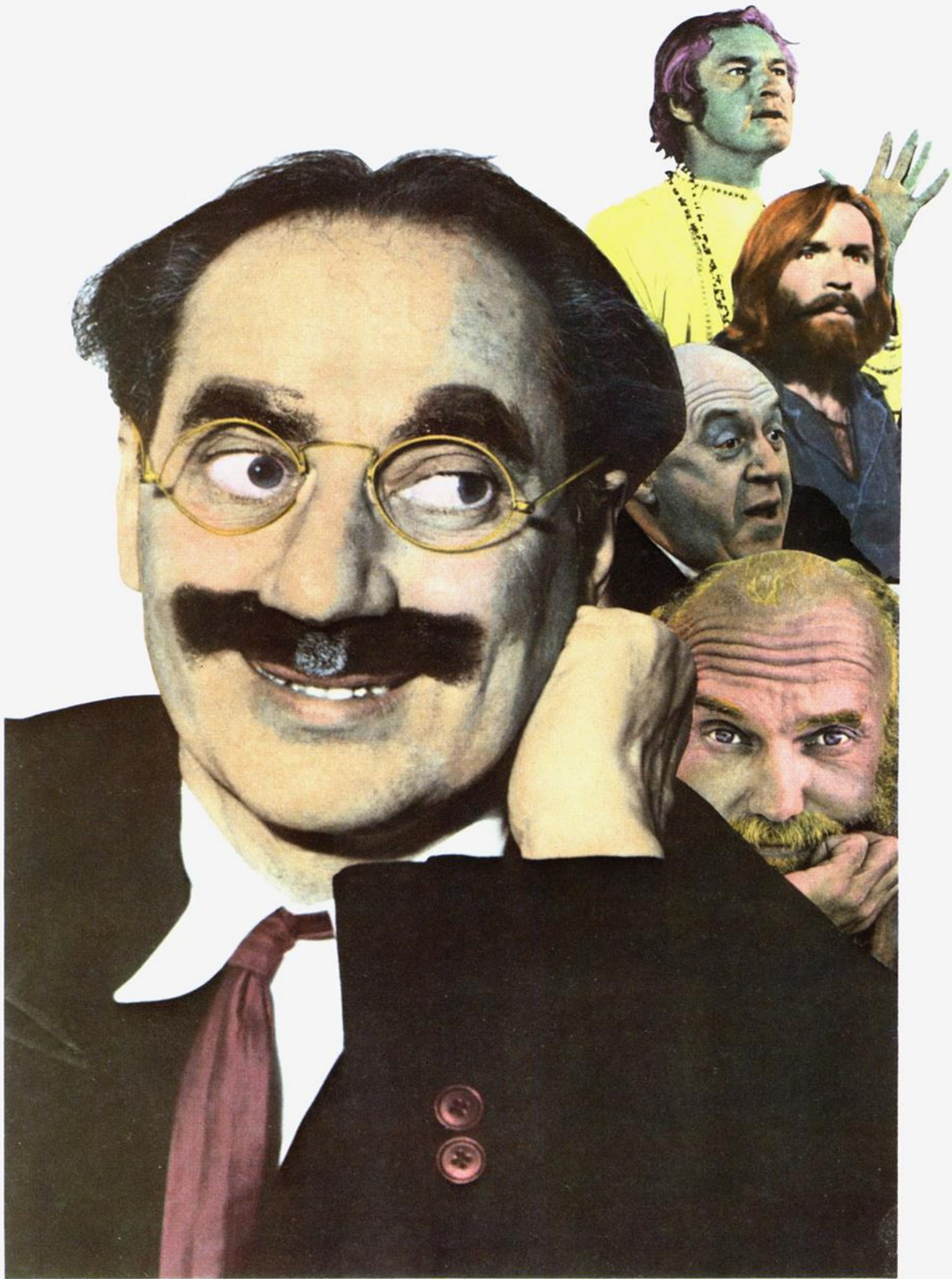
During a little snack: "I never thought eating a fig would be the biggest thrill of my life."

He held and smelled a cigar for a long time but never smoked it.

"Everybody has their own Laurel and Hardy," he mused. "A miniature

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TUINAL CORNER

Scoring on Sleaze Street

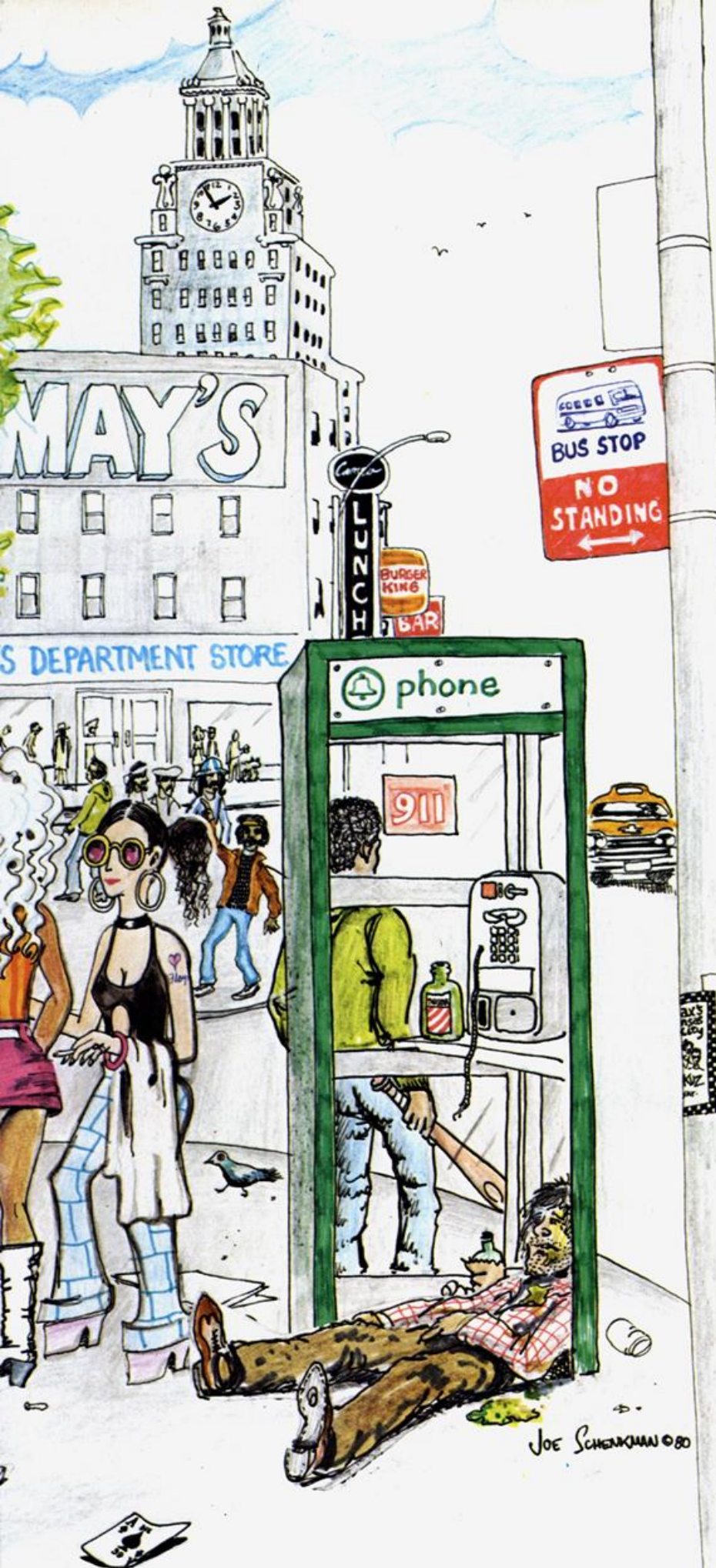
A VW Rabbit slows down rounding the curve at the bottom of Union Square Park West, and three pill pushers take off after it like dogs. "Run, you hungry motherfuckers!" yells Willie, who's standing on a traffic island digging the scene. "The lowest of the lowly Tuinal Touts," he explains. "Chase after a car like goddamn hounds, trying to sell a pill." Just as the touts catch up to the Rabbit, the driver hits the gas, and the touts come panting back to Tuinal Corner coughing smoke.

Willie is the coolest dealer in the park. Not that that's anything too kool in itself. But Willie doesn't hang out on Tuinal Corner, or even in the park. He hangs out on the little traffic island at the side of the park, or on the corner across the street, or, more likely, at the OTB up 14th Street, where Willie specializes in figuring out every daily double, exacta, quinella and triple on a nine-race card of horse racing.

Willie doesn't tout or hawk his wares like most dealers. He stands on the corner watching the girls glide by through rose-tinted shades, sipping on a beer in a bag through a straw. "The cops think you must be drinkin' soda if you sip through a straw," he explains. Very kool.

A black man in his mid 30s, Willie is a wholesale-retail Tuinal dealer, as well as a pharmaceutical pimp. A pharmaceutical pimp is a dealer with a string of ladies who get him pills. "It's easier for women to get 'scripts than men." And around the macho streets of Placidyl Park, it's easier for men to sell them. So Seconals, rather than sex, is the exchange here. Women also stand a much better

by Joe Schenkman



chance with the hard-to-get units like Quaaludes, which happen to be one of Willie's weaknesses. (He doesn't do Tuinal.) Some of the pharmaceutical pimps think of themselves as "players" and like to dress the superstar, wide-brimmed, swallowtail Superfly look. Not Willie. He wears one of those brightly colored polyester beach hats with the pulled down brim they sell on 14th Street for a dollar, so his customers can spot him easily. Your basic \$1.98 beach-hat priced-to-go look: about as colorful as the red card

weed! Got yo speed! Coke, m'nan, coke!... try it before you buy it! I see you reading *HIGH TIMES*, there, ya must do sumpin'!"

Others simply stumble up to you like zombies out of *Night of the Living Dead*, more concerned with instant sales than lasting clientele. It's a good bet here that the so-called Tuinal capsules you buy from these bums may have been emptied and filled with baby powder if you're lucky, PCP if you're not. At best, a tout can hope to scrape together enough dimes off

"Check it out! Got yo weed! Got yo' speed! I see you reading *High Times*, there, ya must do sumpin'!"

in a three-card monte game.

At the racetrack, a tout refers to the kind of sleazy trackrat who's too tapped-out to bet himself, but offers "hot" feedbox tips to bettors willing to share their winnings should the tip pan out to be front burner stuff. In Union Square Park, tout is street slang for the type of luckless pill pusher who sells pills he doesn't actually have. How this works is the tout assaults passers-by with all the subtlety of a country auctioneer, yelling "Tuies and Valium! Ts and Vs! Check 'em out!" Should he snag a customer, the tout says, "Wait right here," and runs off to his man, who's usually standing no farther than you could throw an empty pill bottle. A tout is also called a P.C., for percentage. The going rate is about ten or fifteen percent. If a tout sells a Valium for a buck, he makes a dime. No big deal. But when you add it all up, the action along the widened sidewalk before the entrance to Union Square Park called Tuinal Corner by the druggies there makes it the pill-pushingest little plaza in New York City.

Sometimes there are more than a dozen touts for each dealer, making competition heavy and customers weary. I've seen touts fight over customers. I've heard of them dying for less.

With the dealers so close by, one might wonder why the touts are needed. They're not. No more needed than roaches in a tenement kitchen. But they're there, scurrying around chattering the insect-junkie chant of Placidyl Park: "Tuies and Plaz! Tuies and Plaz!" ("Plaz" is short for Placidyl, a popular pill here that's noted for its superstupor wallop.)

Some try coked-up hard-sell sing-song jabber with the personal touch: "Check it out! Check it out! Got yo

touting to make his own wholesale pill purchase from the dealer. Then, off dealing, he can hope to save enough to pay off a croaker to write him his own phony script. And then, he can hope to buy more and more croakers off until he is Mr. Big Stuff himself: the man with the goodies, who turns over \$65,000 to \$100,000 annually off the roulette wheel, with his own network of touts, pharmaceutical pavement princesses, and maybe even, eventually, the double-parked Superfly Custom Cadillac that announces his presence, that even the cops (paid off, too) don't even dare ticket. Dream on, Mr. Small Time. In the beginning history of the park back in the late 1700s, this was a "potter's field" where the poor people of the city were buried. Now it offers the walking dead a quick-change chance for advance in the black market of our depressed economy.

Actually, Union Square Park is a pretty little park with its historical statues and beautiful trees towering over the flagstoned walkways. But it's not even the kind of place you'd want to take your dog for a walk. The grounds are littered with Night Train Express wine bottles and smashed up brown plastic pill bottles. (Destroy the evidence, protect your croaker: I've seen pill pushers bite off prescription labels from the bottles and chew up the little pieces after closing shop.) Violence can hang as heavy as a Midwestern thundershower about to break the calm of a mild summer day. Everything might be cool, and then suddenly somebody's being clubbed with a nine-iron golf club. (Golf clubs are favorite weapons in Union Square Park—a lot cooler to strut with, and not so clumsy or obvious as a baseball bat, though the Louisville Slugger is

still popular with heavy hitters and strikeout artists alike.) But Union Square Park really has no boundary neighborhood to look after it, surrounded on all sides by businesses. So the pill pushers and poppers who use it as a business and social club (weather permitting) have set up shop here.

The park opens for business shortly before the neighborhood stores along funky 14th Street, low-budget, cut-rate bargain marts and choke 'n' pukes with names like Junkman's Treasure Chest, National Outlet Center, Disco Donuts, Snackebob's and the old White Rose Bar, a relic from another era, and the Jefferson Movie Theatre, which used to show Puerto Rican movies, but has been for sale or rent for at least a decade now.

The early birds are the park regulars: If you don't see them there, it's a good bet they're in jail. There's Shorty, a squat, beefy black man who usually wears a ring through his nose with a gold heart dangling off it, a shark's-tooth earring and feather hanging off his left ear and a leather beret on his shaved dome. In spring and summer he wears a long-fringed leather vest with nothing underneath, and goes barefoot. ("It's good for your feet," he says.) Shorty is the loudest mouthed tout on the block. He touts like his life depends on it, and it does. Fresh out of detention after doing 38 days on four felony counts just for carrying two Tuinal and a couple of joints (or so he says: It's been my experience that in jail, everybody is innocent, by their own account), he's gotta raise the trial money. Shorty is the kind of pathetic trash certain reprobate cops like to beat up on, because they can get away with it. (Who cares?) Looking at me through his one good eye, he told me he was thrown in the back of the huge police van that some mornings is driven up over the curb and parked right at the bottom of the steps leading into the park as a sort of bad omen, warning, and makeshift jail. Shorty was thrown in the back of the truck, beat up, and left to nurse a broken nose for half a day before driven downtown to be booked. They use the most run-down, raggedy-ass van in the precinct for these Tuie Corner Roundups. Underneath the DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS sign on the side is the universal outlaw graffiti legend: COPS SUCK.

Captain Hook is another park regular, an old-time boxer who's retired to the Night Train Express wine. He loves to box, and takes on

the youngbloods of the park dawn to dusk, sparring with them until they tire him out and he has to sit down on the bench to catch his wind and grab a drink. But he's never down longer than the count of ten before he's back and pacing the benches, looking for another partner to trade jabs, roundhouse rights, and left hooks.

Flash is a wiry, tall black hustler. Not a dime bag to his name, but Flash has the fastest, baddest coked-up sounding rap I've heard. "The number 714 mean anything to you?" he asks, walking up to you with the confidence of a used car salesman. "See, I got your interest! That's right! Used to be Rorers, now they're Lemmons. Pharmaceutical name for methaqualone. I can sell 'em by the thousand, 24 bottles to the case, case closed, bottles sealed. Break open a bottle, snap one in half, test the clean break! Drop it to the bottom of a champagne glass and watch it bubble and fizz! Try it before you buy it! Only \$2 a hit if you buy a thousand. Take 'em up to Xenon's and sell 'em there for \$5! Tha's my Cadillac right there," and he points to some hog parked on a meter along Union Square West. "You gotta phone? Okay, don't bother—you just find a pay phone. You can be at that pay phone a certain time and I'll call you."

Boo is a 16-year-old high school junior who comes to the park after school to sell smoke and Black Beauties. He can make \$50 on a good afternoon. His brother, Big Floyd, is another boxer, younger and fitter than Captain Hook, with legs the size of tree trunks, and massive shoulders and arms. A mellow man unless aroused by injustice, Big Floyd keeps an eye on his younger brother and the park scene in general.

The cops in the 13th Precinct have a word for the Tuinal touts who chase cars, the pharmaceutical pimps with their stables of methadone whores, the fences who wander through the park hawking freshly stolen gold chains, watches, or maybe a bottle of Brut men's cologne, the Placidyl-pushing P.C.s who'll cut each other's throats over a dime customer, the crapshooters who roll the dice against the base of the statue of George Washington on the horse that looks like its about to take a shit, the scavengers who scrutinize the grounds for stray drugs that might have been dropped during a stoned downer deal (as does often happen), and all the other quick-change artists, three-card monte and chuck-a-luck dealers, boozers, losers, and hustlers that haunt the park. The official word around the precinct is "scum."

I introduced a lady friend to

Willie. "She likes the Quaaludes, Willie. Help her out."

"Hell, she'd do better to help herself. Lessee... there's a Dr. Shapiro up at Roosevelt Hospital who'll write ya 'scripts. Shouldn't have any problem."

"But what do I tell him?" asked Mary Ellen.

"Tell em *anything*. You're a woman! Just open your mouth and bullshit woman problems. Tell him the first thing that pops into your head!"

Willie knows every scam in town,

He has up to four different identities he uses per doctor, enabling him to get close to 500 Tuinals a week. On a clear day, Willie can make \$200 or \$300. It's a business. With its ups and downs, naturally.

"Four different identities?" I'm impressed.

"Yeah, it can get really confusing who I'm supposed to be," laughs Willie. "The nurses, they straighten me out, and in return I do them li'l favors—get them the kind of drugs the ol' croakers can't get em, like

Park regulars ask, "What clinic you go to?" like straights ask, "Were you London School of Economics or Inner Temple?"

or so I believed, until Mary Ellen got back to me about this Dr. Shapiro.

"He wouldn't gimme the time of day," she snorted. "I think if I really nagged him, I might've gotten a one-time 'script for Librium or phenobarbital, but no 'ludes, no way. Tell your pal Willie he's got more shit between his ears than he moves to the street in a month!"

"Hey, my man," was Willie's response, equally indignant. "She just went to the wrong *Shapiro*, is all."

But Willie's grand scam is his 'Nam scam. Willie is a veteran of the Vietnam War. "So the doctors gimme these papers, see?" he says, digging into his pocket, "that say, in a nutshell, that if I ever stop gobbling Tuinal like a turkey, the whole 'Nam War nightmare will flash back at me like *Apocalypse Now*, motherfucker, and ain't no tellin' what this trigger-happy nigger might do!" He winks.

"Is that really true? I mean, you really see any heavy action?"

"Oh, hell no," he laughs. "Broke my ring finger trying to chase down some Singapore whore, but that's about it! But the war, y'see?... it's all the excuse these croakers need to write ya up papers. As if they need excuses at all! Hell, pay 'em enough and they'll write ya *anything*."

Willie claims to have four different crooked croakers who write him Tuinal 'scripts. This number naturally fluctuates. He had nine last year, but five of them got busted. "Ya probably read about them in the papers. Some of them had Swiss bank accounts and colonial estates upstate and expensive young mistresses who like rings 'n' things." The croakers write Willie 'scripts for up to 30 Tuinal a week. But Willie doesn't stop there, and neither do the greedy croakers.

weed and crystal meth. This one nurse, she says, 'Ooh! Dat crystal's so good! But Willie, y'know, I lost 17 pounds in the last two weeks. Don't understand it!' She don't realize it's the speed makin' her lose weight and she's a nurse.

"I go in to see her the other day and ask her if she's got an appointment for William Thomas Jefferson, and she says, 'Oh, no. Not today.' And looks down at her charts and says, 'Aren't you Rubin Casanova Lopez III from over First Avenue?' and I say, 'Oh yeah... tha's me!'" and he strokes his scraggly afro beard laughing about how a man as black as himself can be a Puerto Rican even for a minute.

The vast majority of people who hang out in Union Square Park are black, even though there are no nearby black neighborhoods. The rest are Puerto Ricans. White people use the park to buy drugs or to walk through to or from work. Quickly. A few white garbageheads from nearby methadone centers come over to hang out with their black and Puerto Rican friends. In fact, the park serves as an outdoor, fairweather social club for the dropouts, graduates, or lifers from the various methadone clinics, halfway houses, and rehabilitation programs that dot the nearby cobblestoned streets of Second Avenue. A bright, sunny summer day in the park can be like an alumni party. Proper introductory conversation gambits for such affairs are, "What clinic you go to? Didn't I used to see you at Beth Israel?" like straights ask, "Were you London School of Economics or Inner

Temple?" Some, like perpetual college students, have been in and out of Odyssey Houses for ten years.

A few days after meeting Willie, when I've gotten to know him better, we're hanging out on Tuinal Corner one sunny beautiful spring morning. Willie has just finished his morning cup of tea and is starting on his first beer in a bag. He slips a straw into the beer and takes a sip, studying the morning line entries for Aqueduct race track in the *Daily News*. We're trying to figure out the daily double when this young, blond beauty crossing 14th Street catches the attention of all. It's not simply her youthful beauty, or her tank top that's slipped up her stomach to reveal the perfect navel, but the manner she's crossing. She's practically being dragged across 14th Street toward us, with her arms thrown over the shoulders of her two young male escorts. When she reaches Tuinal Corner, the touts are all over her like sharks on a wounded dolphin.

"She's too stoned to walk, and those touts are trying to cram more pills down her throat. It ain't right. I don't sell no pills to nobody already that fucked up," proclaims Willie self-righteously.

"Y'ever notice how it's always the white people here that you see walking into statues and trees? They really can't handle it!"

Willie has to hold onto the wall to keep from cracking up and falling onto the sidewalk laughing. "That's the kind of racist remark you can get away with and I can't," he says, regaining his composure. "But you're right. It's the Placidyl that does that."

Ira Jaffe, who counsels methadone patients in a nearby clinic, categorizes most of these touts as "garbageheads." "They'll put anything into their bodies to get high, without discrimination. They might be on a methadone program. Then they get huge pill prescriptions from some croaker doctor who writes them out a script for 30 Valiums, 30 Tuinals, and 30 Placidyls all at once. Then, to top it all off, they drink. These people have multiple addictions." Ira estimates 20 percent of the people on methadone to be in this category of obsessive, self-destructive, multiple addiction.

Tuinal, Valium, Placidyl, Elavil, and Seconal are the top-selling drugs here, in about that order of popularity. Tuinal is equal parts Seconal and Amytal, packed into the jazziest colored bright-brown-and-turquoise-striped pill with an orange bullethead. It's a heavy brain depressant, a barbiturate that may be habit forming, with "less than 1% idiosyncratic reactions" experienced

by its users, the *Physicians' Desk Reference* (PDR) informs us. It is the opinion of esteemed *HIGH TIMES* editor Dean Latimer, a walking, talking PDR himself, that "most of these individuals on Tuine Corner belong to this elite 1 percent club of idiosyncratics, meaning the Tuinals stir 'em up rather than crank 'em down, in much the way overactive kids tend to be cooled out by schoolhouse-administered Ritalin."

We all know about Valium, the most widely prescribed drug of the '70s. The way Valium works is it releases a natural tranquilizer in the brain called GABA. Gabba gabba hey! Yeah, Ramones and Zippy fans, there really is a gabba!

Forget the new boots: "You get everything laid out, ribbed condoms and lines of coke—and you both just lay down and go straight to sleep."

Placidyl is a nonbarbiturate that the PDR informs us is an "oral hypnotic...the usual hypnotic dose inducing sleep within 15 minutes to one hour." The "hypnotic" effect lasts up to five hours. Placidyl is a big green capsule slightly smaller than a zucchini. The space cases you see in the park, reeling methodically around as though they're trying to maintain their balance on the hull of a ship plunging full-steam into a tropical gale, are Placidyl casualties.

"Elavil is a tricyclic antidepressant, nonbarbiturate pill that's popular with certain nuthouse shrinks to prescribe to their, uh, clients," Latimer informs me. "It taps down brain enzymes that make you weird, helping to make a certain kind of crazy person better."

Quaaludes are more difficult to obtain than other pills because prescription qualifications involve a triplicate form, one copy of which goes to the health department in Albany. The other commodities require only the conventional white form. Those Quaaludes that are sold in the park are usually bootlegs.

Boot 'ludes were recognized as a good buy for years, but now the Tuine Corner industry is highly suspicious of them. These things, usually big fat

white pills stamped with a variety of bogus dyes—"Rohrer 714s," that was funny, and "Lemon 741" was a legend in its time—are generally pressed in Colombia, where the *marimba* moguls have set up high-tech methaqualone factories, and they're flown in here literally by the millions, along with Santa Marta weed. The only problem with these Latino 'ludes is that they tend to have a little more methaqualone in them than the standard 300 milligrams, and pretty often there's an antihistamine mixed in—some of the Colombian chemists seem to follow the formula for Mandrax, which includes stupor-inducing diphenhydramine along with methaqualone. "The result," explains Latimer, "is that the customer tends to get the official therapeutic effect of the drug—eight straight hours of safe and restful sleep, sleep, sleep. Hell of a note. You get everything laid out, ribbed condoms and lines of coke and Ping-Pong paddles and peacock feathers—and you both just lay down and go straight to sleep!"

But now, so far this year, about every fifth boot 'lude aficionado has been burnt with these new "Valium boots," which look just like any other boot—slipshod die marks and all—but count upwards of 60 to 80 milligrams of diazepam, pure Valium! The effect is a day and a half of fuzzed-out, spacy stupor, total lapse of body coordination, and only a vague memory afterward of how shitty it felt. "Haldol," a graduate of the Bellevue psycho ward, doing post-grad touting on the Tuine Corner campus, told me, "In the bin, when they just want to stow you somewhere for a couple of days and make sure you're still there when they come back, they shoot you up with Haldol, haloperidol. I did one of those Valium boots last week and man, I could've sworn I was right back on the ward from Tuesday to Thursday night. And shit, I dunno, maybe I was."

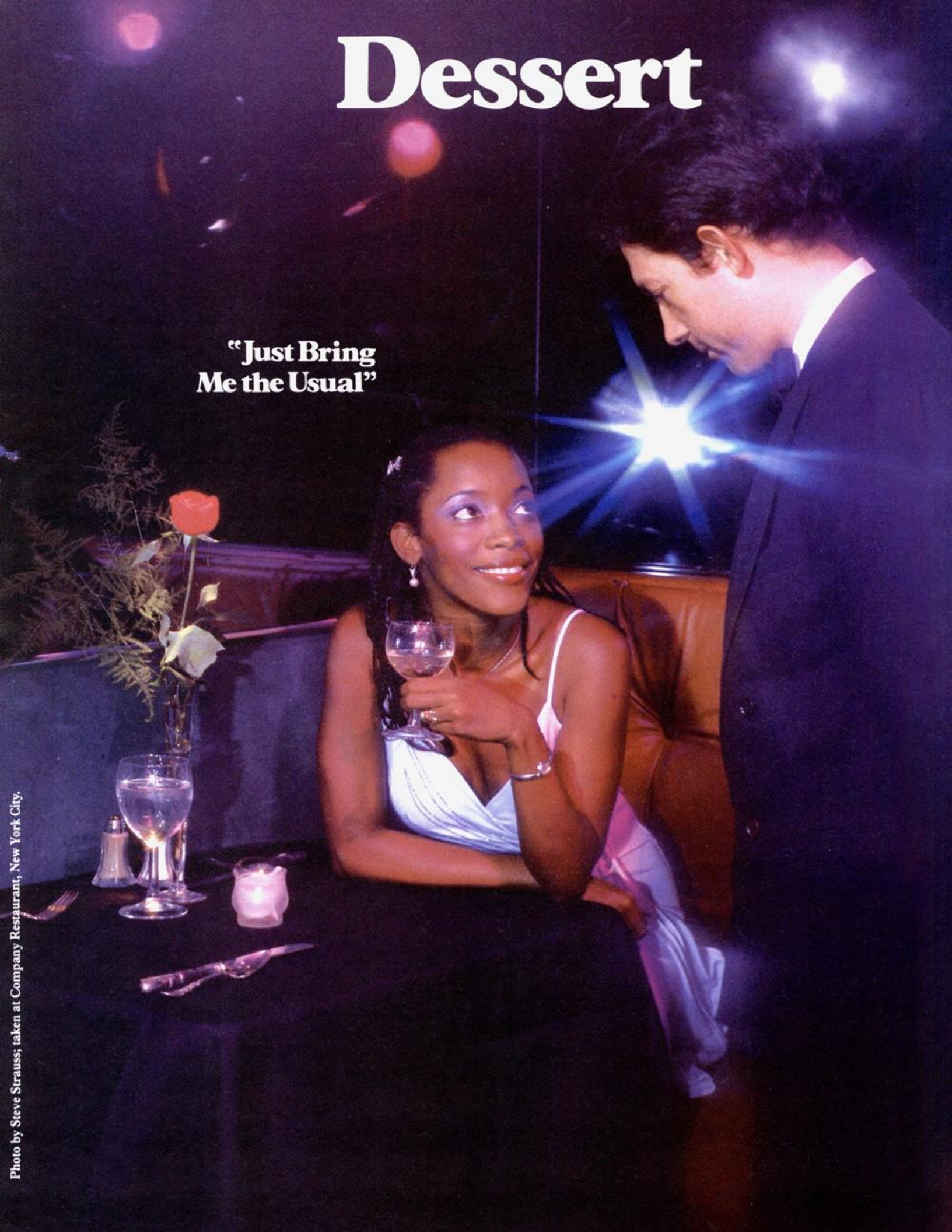
So since you can't tell Valium boots from "real" boots, the boot market in New York is as depressed as a Westchester housewife whose diet doc just got popped by the DEA. In fact, the DEA is a prime suspect in the Valium-boot caper, among the Union Square *cognoscenti*. "It's gotta be the Feds," a speed freak guaranteed me one afternoon on a bench. Among half a dozen lurid conspiracy theories this crankshaft was percolating was this one: "It's like the feds made poison moonshining during Prohibition, see,

continued on page 103

Dessert

**"Just Bring
Me the Usual"**

Photo by Steve Strauss; taken at Company Restaurant, New York City.







My Acid Trip with Groucho

continued from page 46

Laurel and Hardy, one on each shoulder. Your little Oliver Hardy bawls you out—he says, 'Well, this is a fine mess you've gotten us into.' And your little Stan Laurel gets all weepy—'Oh, Ollie, I couldn't help it, I'm sorry, I did the best I could...'

Five years later, my book, *How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years*, was published by Putnam's. Editor William Targ sent an advance copy to Groucho, and he sent back a postcard that was as eerie as it was complimentary: "Thanks for the book. I am sending this card to you, because I don't know where Mr. Krassner lives. Or even if he is alive. At any rate, it's a hilarious book and I predict in time he will wind up as the only live Lenny Bruce."

The year after that, I was heavy into my Manson investigation. During the acid trip with three of his family members—Squeaky Fromme, Sandra Good and Brenda McCann—I got an even more awesome compliment.

Sandy Good had once seen me perform at The Committee in San Francisco. Now she was saying to me, "When people used to ask me what Charlie was like, I would compare him to Lenny Bruce and Paul Krassner."

My heart thumped rather strangely.

Sandy had been a civil-rights activist. But Charlie Manson stepped on her eyeglasses, threw away her birth control pills, remolded her personality and transformed her value system. So now she was parroting Charlie's racism and asking me to tell John Lennon that he should get rid of Yoko Ono and "marry his own kind."

I've never met Charlie Manson, although I've corresponded with him. But I have heard a tape of his rap, and he definitely used humor as a tool for evil.

For the first time I understood in my guts what Groucho Marx had meant about misusing the power to make people laugh.

The Jerry Rubin Connection

After our acid trip, I had only a couple of contacts with Groucho.

The first concerned a rumor that he had said, "I think the only hope this country has is Nixon's assassination." I wanted to verify whether he had actually said that.

"I deny everything," he joked, then admitting he had indeed said it over a luncheon interview with a now-defunct magazine, *Flash*.

"Uh, sorry, Mr. Marx, you're under arrest for threatening the life of the president."

"Uh, sorry, Mr. Marx, you're under arrest for threatening the life of the president. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed *A Night at the Opera*. Here, now, if you'll just slip into these plastic handcuffs..."

I wrote to the San Francisco office of the U.S. Department of Justice, asking about the status of the case against Groucho, particularly in view of the indictment of Black Panther David Hilliard for using similar rhetoric. Here's the reply I received:

Dear Mr. Krassner:

Responding to your inquiry, the United States Supreme Court has held that Title 18 U.S.C., Section 87) prohibits only "true" threats. It is one thing to say "I (or we) will kill Richard Nixon" when you are the leader of an organization which advocates killing people and overthrowing the government; it is quite another to utter the words which are attributed to Mr. Marx, an alleged comedian. It was the opinion of both myself and the United States Attorney in Los Angeles (where Marx's words were alleged to have been uttered) that the latter utterance did not constitute a "true" threat.

Very truly yours,
/s/ James L. Browning, Jr.
United States Attorney

The second occasion was at the Los Angeles Book Fair in 1976, where Groucho was scheduled to speak, along with Tim Leary and Jerry Rubin.

Leary was dressed all in white except for a black string tie. He was now advocating suburban space colonies.

"Migration," he proclaimed, "is the number one tool of the DNA code."

There was speculation that this might really be a metaphor about the way we ought to behave on earth. Utopian planning for life on a celestial way station is bound to serve as a model for people changing themselves, their institutions and

systems on our own planet, whether or not we actually start sending out satellites covered with Astroturf.

Leary took a slight swipe at Rubin, mentioning an ex-radical who said "Kill your parents" and had now written a book on how to contact your deceased parents through astral travel. Rubin had issued a press release requesting the media not to refer to him as a former Yippie leader. Somewhere there must have been a headline: FORMER YIPPIE LEADER ASKS NOT TO BE CALLED FORMER YIPPIE LEADER.

A few years previously, Jerry Rubin had helped organize a press conference to denounce Tim Leary as a snitch, although Leary insisted that he never got anybody in trouble. Now, Rubin was scheduled to appear at the Book Fair on the same evening as Leary, but he rearranged it for the next evening in order to avoid a public confrontation—or, worse yet, a public embrace—in front of all those eagerly popping flashbulbs.

Nevertheless, Jerry Rubin served as a unifier at the Book Fair.

It had been announced that Groucho Marx would not speak from the stage in the Ambassador Hotel ballroom, but rather on a one-to-one basis with folks whose books he would be autographing. This turned into a mob scene. So Jerry found Groucho's companion, Erin Fleming, and suggested that if they walked back around a certain way it would bring them directly onto the stage. She followed his advice.

Groucho looked frail and unsmiling, but he was alert and irreverent as the audience fired questions at him.

Was he working on a film now?

"No, I'm answering silly questions."

What was his favorite film?

"*Duck Soup*."

Nixon?

"He should be in jail."

Is humor an important issue in the presidential campaign?

"Get your finger out of your mouth."

What does he dream about?

"Not about you."

What inspired him to write?

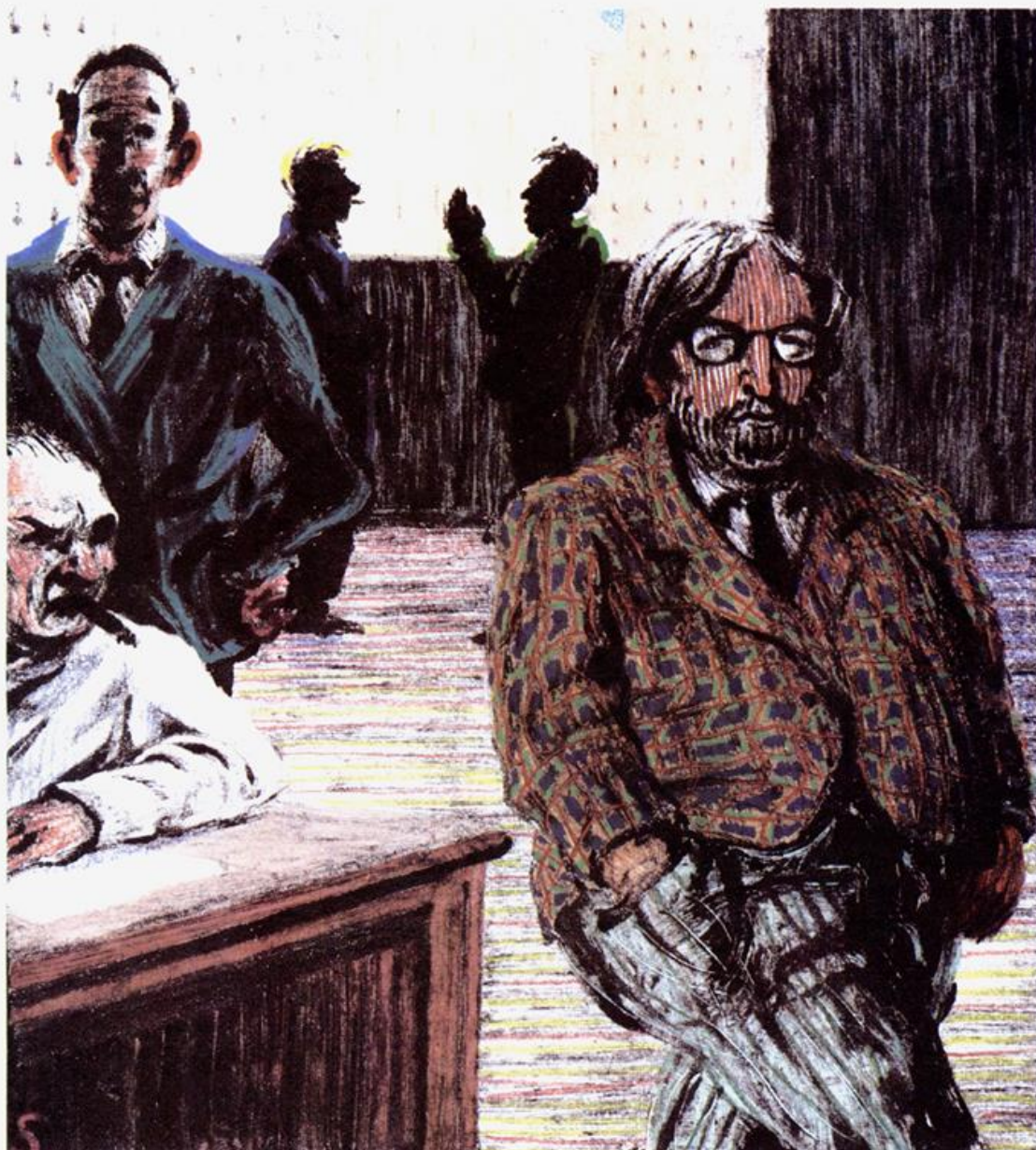
"A fountain pen; a piece of paper."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I called out, "Groucho, what gives you hope?"

This time he said, "The world."

There was hardly any standing room left in the auditorium, but one man sat on the floor rather than take the seat occupied by a rubber Groucho Marx doll. □

Photo credits: Leary: Peter Simon; Manson: Sahm Doherty/Camera 5; Preminger: Steve Schapiro/Black Star; Bruce: Bell, Howarth, Ltd./Black Star; Ram Dass: Peter Simon; Groucho: Photo Trends.



Illustrated by Steve Salerno

Blood of a Wig

by Terry Southern

My most outlandish drug experience, now that I think about it, didn't occur with beat Village or Harlem weirdos, but during a brief run with the ten-to-four Mad Ave crowd.

How it happened, this friend of mine who was working at *Lance* ("The Mag for Men") phoned me one morning—he knew I was strapped.

"One of the fiction editors is out with syph or something," he said. "You want to take his place for a while?"

I was still mostly asleep, so I tried to cool it by shooting a few incisive queries as to the

nature of the gig—which he couldn't seem to follow.

"Well," he said finally, "you won't have to *do* anything, if that's what you mean." He had a sort of blunt and sullen way about him—John Fox his name was, an ex-Yalie and would-be writer who was constantly having to "put it back on the shelf," as he expressed it (blunt, sullen), and take one of these hot-shot Mad Ave jobs, and always for some odd reason—like at present, paying for his mom's analysis.

Anyway, I accepted the post, and now I had been working there about three weeks.

It wasn't true, of course, what he'd said about not having to do anything—I mean the way he had talked I wouldn't even have to get out of bed—but after three weeks my routine was fairly smooth: up at ten, wash face, brush teeth, fresh shirt, dex, and make it. I had this transistor-shaver I'd copped for five off a junky-booster, so I would shave with it in the cab, and walk into the office at ten-thirty or so, dapper as Dan and hip as Harry. Then into my own small office, lock the door, and start stashing the return postage from the unsolicited mss. We would get an incredible amount of mss.—about two

hundred a day—and these were divided into two categories: (1) those from agents, and (2) those that came in cold, straight from the author. The ratio was about 30 to 1, in favor of the latter—which formed a gigantic heap called “the shit pile,” or (by the girl-readers) “the garbage dump.” These always contained a lot of return postage—so right away I was able to supplement my weekly wage by seven or eight dollars a day in postage stamps. Everyone else considered the “shit pile” as something heinously repugnant, especially the sensitive girl (“garbage”) readers, so it was a source of irritation and chagrin to my secretary when I first told her I wished to read “all unsolicited manuscripts and no manuscripts from agents.”

John Fox found it quite incomprehensible.

“You must be out of your nut!” he said. “Ha! Wait until you try to read some of that crap in the shit pile!”

I explained however (and it was actually true in the beginning) that I had this theory about the existence of a *pure, primitive, folk-like* literature—which, if it did exist, could only turn up among the unsolicited mss. Or *weird*, something really *weird*, even insane, might turn up there—whereas I knew the stuff from the agents would be the same old predictably competent tripe. So, aside from stashing the stamps, I would read each of these shit-pile mss. very carefully—reading subtleties, insinuations, multilevel *entendre* into what was actually just a sort of flat, straightforward simplemindedness. I would think each was a put-on—a fresh and curious parody of some kind, and I would read on, and on, all the way to the end, waiting for the payoff...but, of course, that never happened, and I gradually began to revise my theory and to refine my method. By the second week, I was able to reject a ms. after reading the opening sentence, and by the third I could often reject on the basis of *title* alone—the principle being if an author would allow a blatantly dumbbell title, he was incapable of writing a story worth reading. (This was thoroughly tested and proved before adopting.) Then instead of actually *reading* miss., I would spend hours, days really, just thinking, trying to refine and extend my method of blitz-rejection. I was able to take it a little farther, but not much. For example, any woman author who used “Mrs.” in her name could be rejected out of hand—unless it was used with only one name, like “by Mrs. Carter,” then it might be a weirdie. And again, any author using a middle initial or a “Jr.” in his name, shoot it

right back to him! I knew I was taking a chance with that one (because of Connell and Selby), but I figured what the hell, I could hardly afford to gear the sort of fast-moving synchro-mesh operation I had in mind to a couple of exceptions—which, after all, only went to prove the consarn rule, so to speak. Anyway, there it was, the end of the third week and the old job going smoothly enough, except that I had developed quite a little dextie habit by then—not actually a *habit*, of course, but a sort of very real dependence...having by nature a nocturnal metabolism whereby my day (pre-

ly, but then seemed hard pressed to explain, and shrugged it off. “It’s just that they don’t have very much, you know, *to do*.”

It was true in a way that no one seemed to actually *do* anything—except for the typists, of course, always typing away. But the guys just sort of hung out, or around, buzzing each other, sounding the chicks, that sort of thing.

The point is though that I had to make it in by ten, or thereabouts. One reason for this was the “pre-lunch conference,” which Hacker, or the “Old Man” (as, sure enough, the publisher was called), might decide to have on any given day. And so it came to pass that on this particular—Monday it was—morning, up promptly at nine-three-oh, wash face, brush teeth, fresh shirt, all as per usual, and reach for the dex...no dex, out of dex. This was especially inopportune because it was on top of two straight white and active nights, and it was somewhat as though an 800-pound bag, of loosely packed sand, began to settle slowly on the head. No panic, just immediate death from fatigue.

At Sheridan Square, where I usually got the taxi, I went into the drugstore. The first-shift pharmacist, naturally a guy I had never seen before, was on duty. He looked like an aging efficiency expert.

“Uh, I’d like to get some Dex-amyl, please.”

The pharmacist didn’t say anything, just raised one hand to adjust his steel-rimmed glasses, and put the other one out for the prescription.

“It’s on file here,” I said, nodding toward the back.

“What name?” he wanted to know, then disappeared behind the glass partition, but very briefly indeed.

“Nope,” he said, coming back, and was already looking over my shoulder to the next customer.

“Could you call Mr. Robbins?” I asked, “he can tell you about it.” Of course this was simply whistling in the dark, since I was pretty sure Robbins, the

night-shift man, didn’t know me by name, but I had to keep the ball rolling.

“I’m not gonna wake Robbins at this hour—he’d blow his stack. Who’s next?”

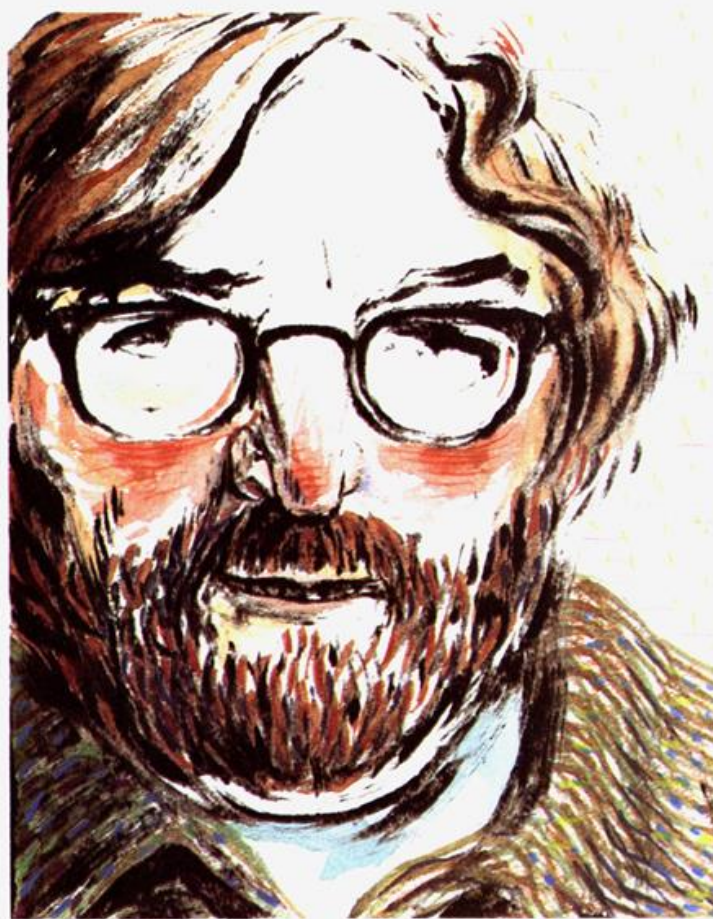
“Well, listen, can’t you just *give* me a couple—I’ve, uh, got a long drive ahead.”

“You can’t get dexies without a script,” he said, rather reproachfully, wrapping a box of Tampax for a teenybopper nifty behind me, “*you* know that.”

“Okay, how about if I get the doctor to phone you?”

“Phone’s up front,” he said, and to the nifty: “That’s seventy-nine.”

“Well Mister Whorehouse man, isn’t it about time we heard from you?”



Lance) would ordinarily begin at three or four in the afternoon and finish at eight or nine in the morning. As a top staffer at *Lance*, however, I had to make other arrangements. Early on I had actually asked John Fox if it would be possible for me to come in at four and work until midnight.

“Are you out of your *nut*?” (That was his standard comeback.) “Don’t you know what’s happening here? This is a *social* scene, man—these guys want to *see* you, they want to get to *know* you!”

“What are they, faggots?”

“No, they’re not *faggots*,” he said stout-

The phone was under siege—one person using it, and about five waiting—all, for some weird reason, spade fags and prancing gay. Not that I give a damn about who uses the phone, it was just one of those absurd incongruities that seem so often to conspire to undo sanity in times of crisis. What the hell was going on? They were obviously together, very excited, chattering like magpies. Was it the Katherine Dunham contingent of male dancers? Stranded? Lost? Why out so early? One guy had a list of numbers in his hand the size of a small flag. I stood there for a moment, confused in pointless speculation, then left abruptly and hurried down West Fourth to the dinette. This was doubly to purpose, since not only is there a phone, but the place is frequented by all manner of heads, and a casual score might well be in order—though it was a bit early for the latter, granted.

And this did, in fact, prove to be the case. There was no one there whom I knew—and, worse still, halfway to the phone, I suddenly remembered my so-called doctor (Dr. Friedman, his name was) had gone to California on vacation a few days ago. Christ almighty! I sat down at the counter. This called for a quick think-through. Should I actually call him in California? Have him phone the drugstore from there? Quite a production for a couple of dex. I looked at my watch, it was just after ten. That meant just after seven in Los Angeles—Friedman would blow his stack. I decided to hell with it and ordered a cup of coffee. Then a remarkable thing happened. I had sat down next to a young man who now quite casually removed a small transparent silo-shaped vial from his pocket, and without so much as a glance in any direction, calmly tapped a couple of the belovedly familiar green-hearted darlings into his cupped hand, and tossed them off like two salted peanuts.

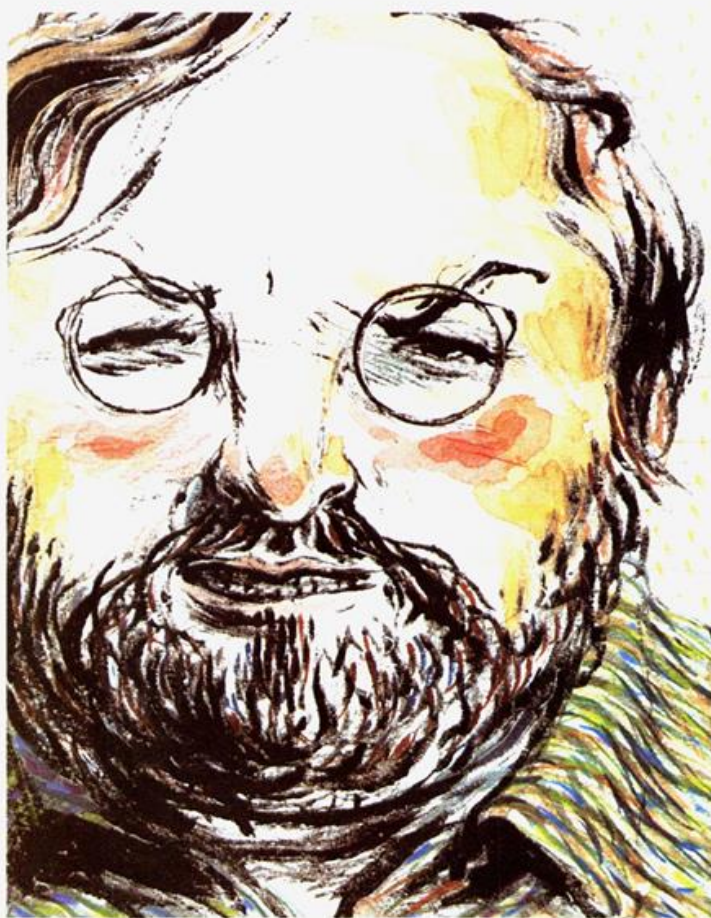
Deus ex machina!

"Uh, excuse me," I said, in the friendliest sort of way, "I just happened to notice you taking a couple of, ha ha, Dexamyl." And I proceeded to lay my story on him—while he, after one brief look of appraisal, sat listening, his eyes straight ahead, hands still on the counter, one of them half covering the magic vial. Finally he just nodded and shook out two more on the counter. "Have a ball," he said.

I reached the office about five minutes late for the big pre-lunch confab. John Fox made a face of mild disgust when I came in the conference room. He always seemed to consider my flaws as his responsibility since it was he who had rec-

ommended me for the post. Now he glanced uneasily at old Hacker, who was the publisher, editor-in-chief, etc. etc. A man of about fifty-five, he bore a striking resemblance to Edward G. Robinson—an image to which he gave further credence by frequently sitting in a squatlike manner, chewing an unlit cigar butt, and mouthing coarse expressions. He liked to characterize himself as a "tough old bastard," one of his favorite prefaces being: "I know most of you guys think I'm a *tough old bastard*, right? Well, maybe I am. In the quality-Lit game you *gotta* be tough!" And bla-bla-bla.

"You ever in the mood for something beside dexies?"



Anyway, as I took my usual seat between Fox and Bert Katz, the feature editor, old Hack looked at his watch, then back at me.

"Sorry," I mumbled.

"We're running a *magazine* here, young man, not a *whorehouse*."

"Right and double right," I parried crisply. Somehow Old Hack always brought out the schoolboy in me.

"If you want to be *late*," he continued, "be late at the *whorehouse*—and do it on your own time!"

Part of his design in remarks of this sort

was to get a reaction from the two girls present—Maxine, his cutiepie private sec, and Miss Rogers, assistant to the art director—both of whom managed, as usual, a polite blush and half-lowered eyes for his benefit.

The next ten minutes were spent talking about whether to send our own exclusive third-rate photographer to Viet Nam or to use the rejects of a second-rate one who had just come back.

"Even with the rejects we could still run our *E.L. trade*," said Katz, referring to an italicized phrase *Exclusively Lance*

which appeared under photographs and meant they were not being published elsewhere—though less through exclusivity, in my view, than general crappiness.

Without really resolving this, we went on to the subject of "Twiggy," the British fashion-model who had just arrived in New York and about whose boyish hair and bust-line raged a storm of controversy. What did it mean philosophically? Aesthetically? Did it signal a new trend? Should we adjust our center-spread requirements (traditionally 42-24-38) to meet current taste? Or was it simply a flash fad?

"Come next issue," said Hack, "we don't want to find ourselves holding the wrong end of the shit-stick, now do we?"

Everyone was quick to agree.

"Well, I think she's absolutely *delightful*," exclaimed Ronnie Rondell, the art director (prancing gay and proud of it), "she's so much more... sensitive-looking and... *delicate* than those awful... *milk-factories*!" He gave a little shiver of revulsion and looked around excitedly for corroboration.

Hack, who had a deep-rooted antifag streak, stared at him for a moment like he was some kind of weird lizard, and he seemed about to say something cruel and uncalled for to Ron, but then he suddenly turned on me instead.

"Well, Mister Whorehouse man, isn't it about time we heard from you? Got any ideas that might conceivably keep this operation out of the shithouse for another issue or two?"

"Yeah, well I've been thinking," I said, winging it completely, "I mean, Fox here and I had an idea for a series of interviews with unusual persons..."

"Unusual persons?" he growled, "what the hell does that mean?"

"Well, you know, a whole new department, like a regular feature. Maybe call it, uh, 'Lance Visits...'"

He was scowling, but he was also nodding vigorously. "Lance Visits..." Yeh, yeh, you wantta gimme a fer instance?"

"Well, you know, like, uh, 'Lance

Visits a Typical Teenybopper—cute teenybopper tells about cute teen-use of Saran Wrap as a contraceptive, etcetera...and, uh, let's see... 'Lance Visits a Giant Spade Commie Bull-Dike'. 'Lance Visits the Author of *Masturbation Now!*, a really fun guy.'

Now that I was getting warmed up, I was aware that Fox, on my left, had raised a hand to his face and was slowly massaging it, mouth open, eyes closed. I didn't look at Hack, but I knew he had stopped nodding. I pressed on... 'You see, it could become a sort of regular department, we could do a 'T.L.' on it... *Another Exclusive Lance Visit*.' How about this one: 'Lance Visits a Cute Junkie Hooker'... 'Lance Visits a Zany Ex-Nun Nymphol'... 'Lance Visits the Fabulous Rose Chan, beautiful research and development technician for the so-called French Tickler'..."

"Okay," said Hack, "how about *this* one: 'Lance Visits Lance—know where? Up shit-creek without a paddle! Because that's where we'd be if we tried any of that stuff.' He shook his head in a lament of disgust and pity. "Jeez, that's some sense of humor you got, boy." Then he turned to Fox. "What rock you say you found him under? Jeez."

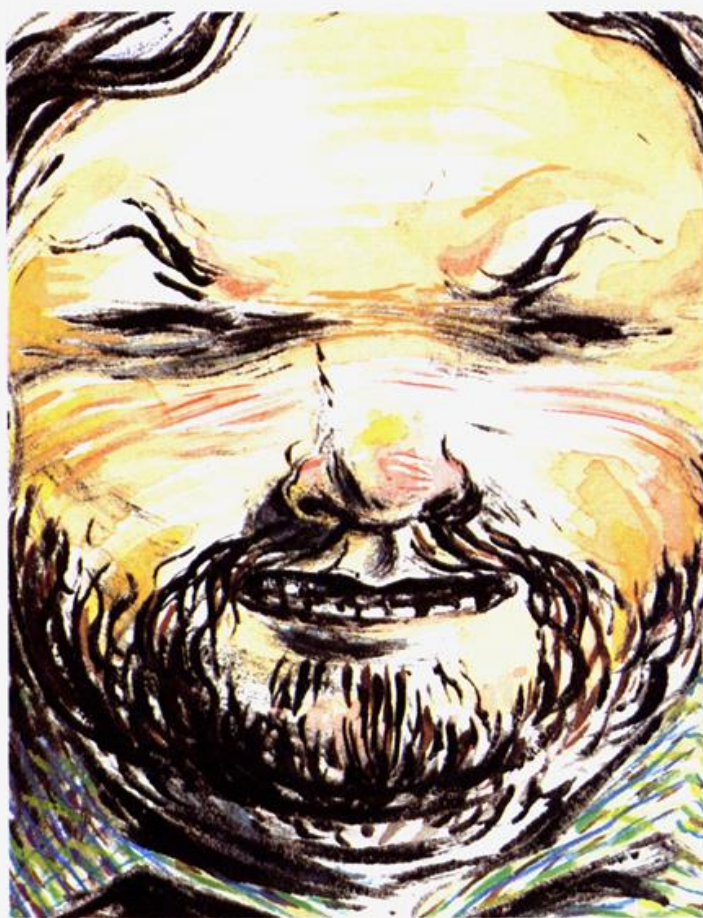
Fox, as per usual, made no discernible effort to defend me, simply pretended to suppress a yawn, eyes averted, continuing to doodle on his "Think Pad," as it was called, one of which lay by each of our ashtrays.

"Okay," said Hack, lighting a new cigar, "suppose I come up with an idea? I mean, I don't wantta surprise you guys, cause any heart attacks... by me coming up with an idea," he saying this with a benign serpent smile, then adding in grim significance, "after twenty-seven years in this god-dam game!" He took a sip of water, as though trying to cool his irritation at being (as per usual) "the only slob around here who delivers." "Now let's just stroke this one for a while," he said, "and see if it gets stiff. Okay, lemme ask you a question: what's the hottest thing in mags at this time? What's raising all the stink and hullabaloo? The *Manchester* book, right? The suppressed passages, right?" He was referring, of course, to a highly publicized account of the assassination of President Kennedy—certain passages of which had allegedly been deleted. "Okay, now all this stink and hullabaloo—I don't like it, you don't like it. In the first place, it's infringement on freedom of the press. In the second, they've exaggerated it all out of proportion. I mean, what the hell was in those passages? See what I mean? All right, suppose we do a *takeoff* on those same passages?"

He gave me a slow look, eyes narrowed—ostensibly to protect them from his cigar smoke, but with a Mephistophelian effect. He knew that I knew that his "idea" was actually an idea I had gotten from Paul Krassner, editor of *The Realist*, a few evenings earlier, and had mentioned, *en passant* so to speak, at the last prelunch confab. He seemed to be wondering if I would crack. A test, like. I avoided his eyes, doodled on the "Think Pad." He exhaled in my direction, and continued.

"Know what I mean? Something *light*, something *zany*, kid the pants off the guys

"It's called 'red-split'—it's schizo-juice...blood...the blood of a wig."



who suppressed it in the first place. A satire like. Get the slant?"

No one at the table seemed to. Except for Hack we were all in our thirties or early forties, and each had been hurt in some way by the President's death. It was not easy to imagine any particular "zaniness" in that regard.

Fox was the first to speak, somewhat painfully it seemed. "I'm uh, not quite sure I follow," he said. "You mean it would be done in the style of the book?"

"Right," said Hack, "but get this, we don't say it is the real thing, we say it *pur-*

ports to be the real thing. And editorially we *challenge* the authenticity of it! Am I getting through to you?"

"Well, uh, yeah," said Fox, "but I'm not sure it can be, you know, uh, *funny*."

Hack shrugged. "So? You're not sure, I'm not sure. Nobody's sure it can be funny. We all take a crack at it—just stroke it a while and see if we get any jism—right?"

Right.

After work that evening I picked up a new Dexamyl prescription and stopped off at Sheridan Square to get it filled. Coming out of the drugstore, I paused momentarily to take in the scene. It was a fantastic evening—late spring evening, warm breeze promise of great summer evenings imminent—and teenies in minies floating by like ballerinas, young thighs flashing. Summer, I thought, will be the acid test for minies when it gets too warm for tights, body-stockings, that sort of thing. It should be quite an interesting phenomenon. On a surge of sex-dope impulse I decided to fall by the dinette and see if anything of special import was shaking, so to speak.

Curious that the first person I should see there, hunched over his coffee, frozen saintlike, black shades around his head as though a hippy crown of thorns, should be the young man who had given me the dex that very morning. I had the feeling he hadn't moved all day. But this wasn't true because he now had on a white linen suit and was sitting in a booth. He nodded in that brief formal way it is possible to nod and mean more than just hello. I sat down opposite him.

"I see you got yourself all straightened out," he said with a wan smile, nodding again, this time at my little paper bag with the pharmacy label on it.

I took out the vial of dex and popped a quick one, thinking to do a bit of the old creative Lit later on. Then I shook out four or five and gave them to the young man.

"Here's some interest."

"Anytime," he said, dropping them in his top pocket, and after a pause, "You ever in the mood for something beside dexies?"

"Like what?"

He shrugged, "Oh, you know," he said, raising a vague limp hand, then added with a smile, "I mean you know your moods better than I do."

During the next five minutes he proved to be the most acquisitive pusher, despite his tender years, I have ever encountered. His range was extensive—beginning with New Jersey pot, and ending with some-

thing called a "Frisco Speedball," a concoction of heroin and cocaine, with a touch of acid ("gives it a little color"). While we were sitting there, a veritable parade of his far-flung connections commenced, sauntering over, or past the booth, pausing just long enough to inquire if he wanted to score—for sleepers, leapers, creepers... acid in cubes, vials, capsules, tablets, powder... "hash, baby, it's black as O"... mushrooms, mescaline, buttons... cosanil, codeine, coke... coke in crystals, coke in powder, coke that looked like karo syrup... red birds, yellow jackets, purple hearts... "liquid-O, it comes straight from Indochina, stamped right on the can"... and from time to time the young man ("Trick" he was called) would turn to me and say: "Got eyes?"

After committing to a modest (thirty dollars) score for crystals, and again for two ounces of what was purported to be 'Panamanian Green' ("It's 'one-poke pot,' baby."), I declined further inducement. Then an extremely down-and-out type, a guy I had known before whose actual name was Rattman, but who was known with simple familiarity as "Rat," and even more familiarly, though somehow obscurely, as "The Rat-Prick Man," half staggered past the booth, clocked the acquisitive Trick, paused, moved uncertainly towards the booth, took a crumpled brown paper bag out of his coat pocket, and opened it to show.

"Trick," he muttered, almost without moving his lips, "...Trick, can you use any Lights? Two-bits for the bunch." We both looked in, on some commodity quite unrecognizable—tiny, dark cylinder-shaped capsules, sticky with a brown-black gunk, flat on each end, and apparently made of plastic. There was about a handful of them. The young man made a weary face of distaste and annoyance.

"Man," he asked softly, plaintively, looking up at Rattman, "when are you going to get buried?"

But the latter, impervious, gave a soundless guffaw, and shuffled on.

"What," I wanted to know, "were those things?" asking this of the young man half in genuine interest, half in annoyance at not knowing. He shrugged, raised a vague wave of dismissal. "Lights they're called... they're used nicotine-filters. You know, those nicotine filters you put in a certain kind of cigarette holder?"

"Used nicotine-filters? What do you do with them?"

"Well, you know, drop two or three in a cup of coffee—gives you a little buzz."

"A little buzz?" I said, "are you kidding? How about a little cancer? That's all

tar and nicotine in there, isn't it?"

"Yeah, well, you know..." he chuckled dryly, "anything for kicks. Right?"

Right, right, right.

And it was just about then he sprung it—first giving me his look of odd appraisal, then the sigh, the tired smile, the halting deference: "Listen, man... you ever made red-split?"

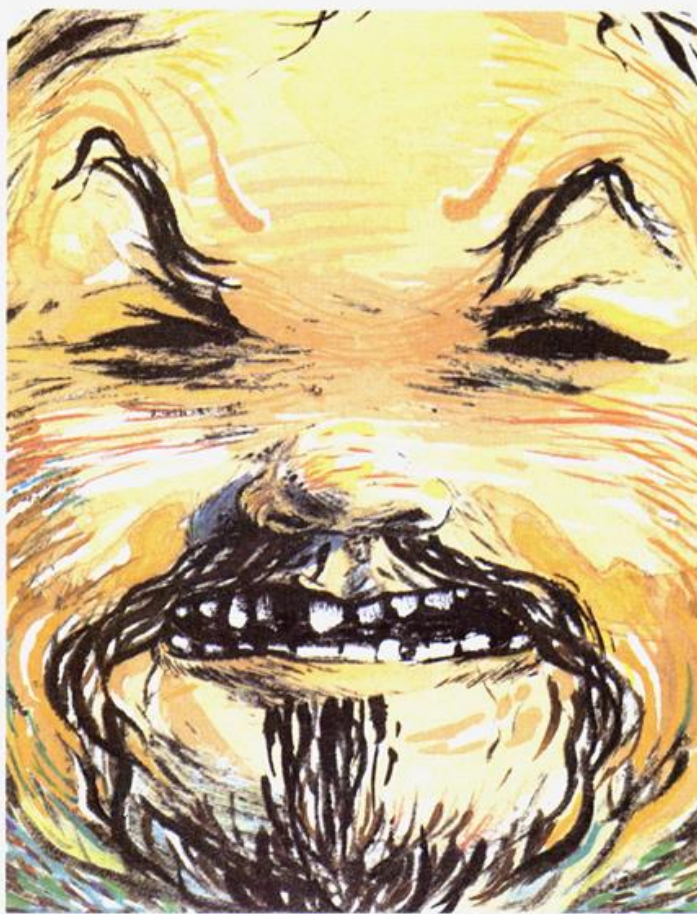
"I beg your pardon?"

"Yeah, you know—the blood of a wig."

"No," I said, not really understanding. "I don't believe I have."

"Well, it's something else, baby, I can

"It's a trip man— four hours, it cuts acid and STP."



tell you that."

"Uh, well, what did you call it—I'm not sure I understood..."

"Red-split, man, it's called 'red-split'—it's schizo-juice... blood... the blood of a wig."

"Oh, I see." I had, in fact, read about it in a recent article in the *Times*—how they had shot up a bunch of volunteer prisoners (very normal, healthy guys, of course) with the blood of schizophrenia patients—and the effect had been quite pronounced... in some cases, manic; in other cases, depressive—about 50/50 as I recalled.

"But that can be a big bring-down,

can't it?"

He shook his head somberly. "Not with this juice it can't. You know who this is out of?" Then he revealed the source—Chin Lee, it was, a famous East Village resident, a Chinese symbolist poet, who was presently residing at Bellevue in a straightjacket. "Nobody," he said, "and I mean nobody, baby, has gone anywhere but up, up, up on this taste!"

I thought that it might be an interesting experience, but using caution as my watchword (the *Times* article had been very sketchy) I had to know more about this so-

called red-split, blood of a wig.

"Well, how long does it, uh, you know, last?"

He seemed a little vague about that—almost to the point of resenting the question. "It's a trip, man—four hours, six if you're lucky. It all depends. It's a question of combination—how your blood makes it with his, you dig?" He paused and gave me a very straight look. "I'll tell you this much, baby, it cuts acid and STP..." He nodded vigorously. "That's right, cuts both them. Back, down, and sideways."

"Really?"

He must have felt he was getting a bit too loquacious, a bit too much on the old hard-sell side, because then he just cooled it, and nodded. "That's right," he said, so soft and serious that it wasn't really audible.

"How much?" I asked, finally, uncertain of any other approach.

"I'll level with you," he said, "I've got this connection—a ward attendant... you know, a male nurse... has, what you might call access to the hospital pharmacy... does a little trading with the guards on the fifth floor—that's where the *monstro-wigs* are—'High Five' it's called. That's where Chin Lee's at. Anyway, he's operating at cost right now—I mean, he'll cop as much M, or whatever other hard-shit he can, from the pharmacy, then he'll go up to High Five and trade for the juice—you know, just fresh, straight, uncut wig-juice—90 c.c.'s, that's the regular hit, about an ounce, I guess... I mean, that's what they hit the wigs for, 90 c.c. syringeful, then they cap the spike and put the whole outfit in an insulated wrapper. Like it's supposed to stay at body temperature, you dig? They're very strict about that—about how much they tap the wig for, and about keeping it fresh and warm, that sort of thing. Which is okay, because that's the trip—90 c.c.'s, 'piping hot,' as they say." He gave a tired little laugh at the curious image. "Anyway the point is, he never knows in front what the price will

continued on page 75

Grow American.



Grow the plants under lights for their first two months.

In the city, growers move the plants to rooftops.



Planting Ahead for Your Spring Harvest

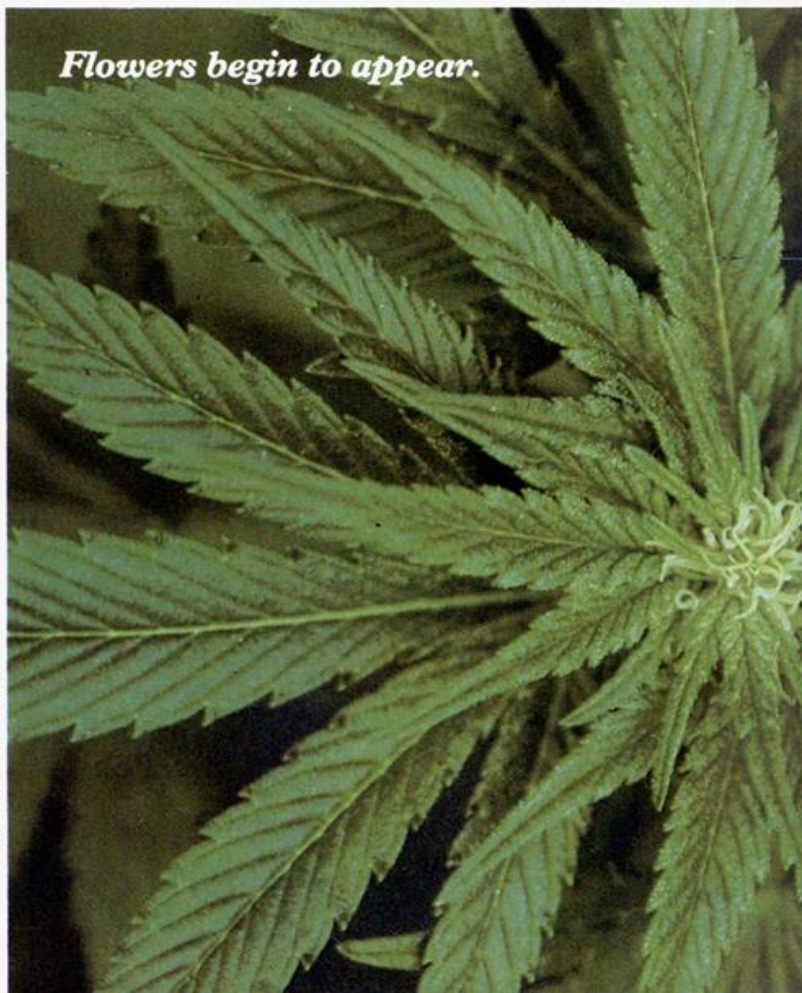
by Ed Rosenthal and Mel Frank

THIS SPRING, while most marijuana gardens are just sprouting, you could be harvesting a potent crop of mature buds.

Flowering in marijuana is naturally controlled by the photoperiod (duration of daily light versus darkness). Long days encourage fast vegetative growth while preventing flowering. Short days (actually long nights) induce flowering. During winter, days are short and light is weak. Even if temperatures were not prohibitively cold, growth would be very slow and flowering premature. The scant yield would hardly be worth the effort. (Hawaii is an exception.)

However, excellent results are possible if the plants are first started under artificial lights. After a couple of months of growth, and before March 21, the plants are moved outdoors or to a greenhouse.

Flowers begin to appear.



Photos © 1981 by Mel Frank

The seasonally short days will cause flowering to begin within two weeks. Maturation continues under the strong spring sun, and harvests are ready from early May to mid June.

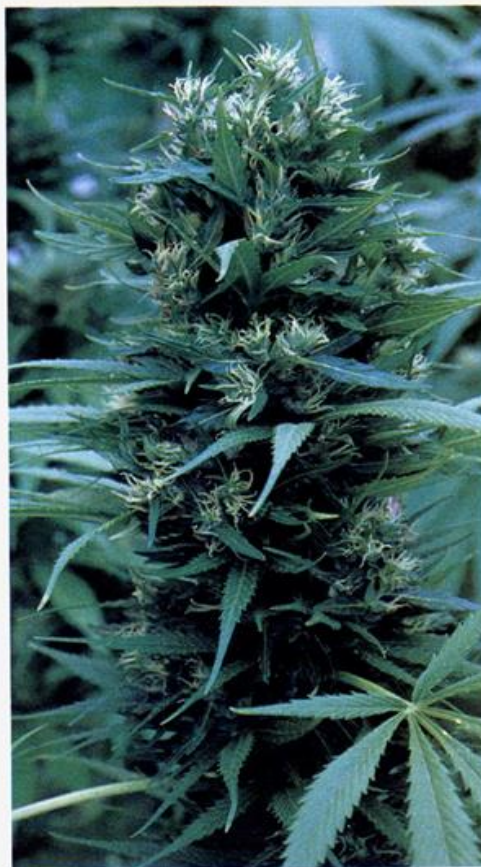
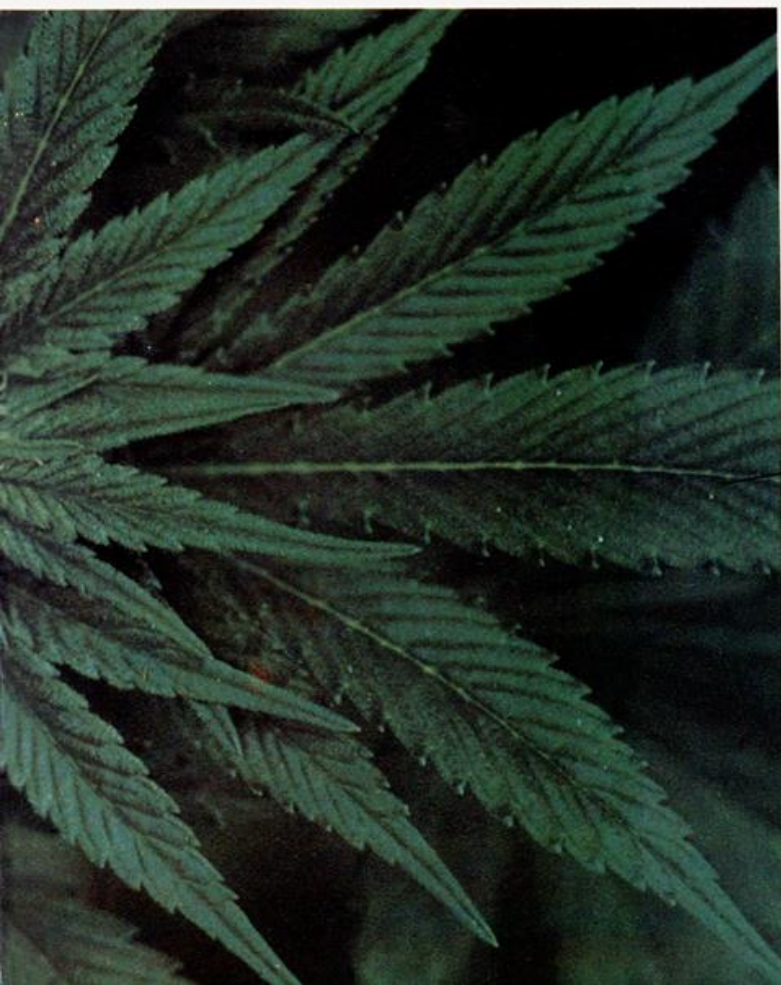
Start planting in December or early January. Use fluorescent or halide lamps set for 18 hours of daily light. Remember that the plants will be young and small while under the lights. A home gardener needs only a modest setup of lights for a good return. For example, from 16 to 30 one- to two-gallon pots can fit under a standard, eight-foot-long fluorescent fixture that holds four 80-watt tubes. That's 320 watts total or about the same electric consumption as a color TV.

Or, start some plants in a sunny window or skylight. Place a spotlight or two to shine on the plants. Set the lights on a timer so that the natural photoperiod is extended to 18 hours of daily light. Keep the lights as close as possible but take care not to burn the leaves.

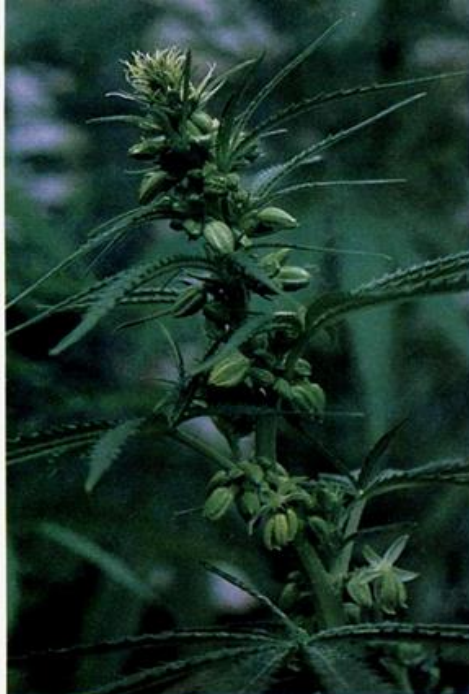
Marijuana varieties that normally flower early in the season—Afghani, Kush, Pakistani, North Indian and South African—should be moved outdoors (to the natural photoperiod) during the second or third week in March. An earlier move may cause abnormal flowering (hermaphrodites). A later move and buds may not develop fully.

Colombian, Thai, Central African and other late season varieties may not respond well for spring harvests. Flowers may not form thick, fully mature buds before the longer spring days induce the

By late March buds have begun to form.



By mid May some colas are ready for harvest. Hybrids such as this Afghani/Nigerian flower very well in spring.



Far left: Hermaphrodites (male flowers are below, female flowers along top) are more common in spring crops. Near left: Final harvest in mid June. Spring plants are small but have huge colas.

change back from flower to leaf growth. You could grow these varieties by starting them in early December. Change the light period from 18 to 12 hours of light about mid February. Move the plants outdoors the first week in March. This procedure

gives late varieties enough head start on flowering to complete maturation. In areas that have frosts in March, cut the light period to 12 hours the first week in March. Move the plants outside when heavy frosts no longer threaten.

Transplant to larger containers (four to eight gallons) when you move the plants. Transplant to the ground only if it's warm. Cold soil stunts growth. Use a dark mulch or black plastic to cover and help warm the soil.

Gradually growth changes from flowers to leaves sometime between mid May and June, depending on the variety planted. Buds continue to ripen for another two weeks until harvest. When harvesting, leave some branches or shoots with a few healthy green leaves. These will repeat the normal summer growth cycle for a larger fall harvest. Not only do you know they're females, you also know their potency. Happy harvest. □



Harvest when the resin glands are fully developed.



Leave some shoots when you harvest, and the same plant will yield another harvest in the fall.

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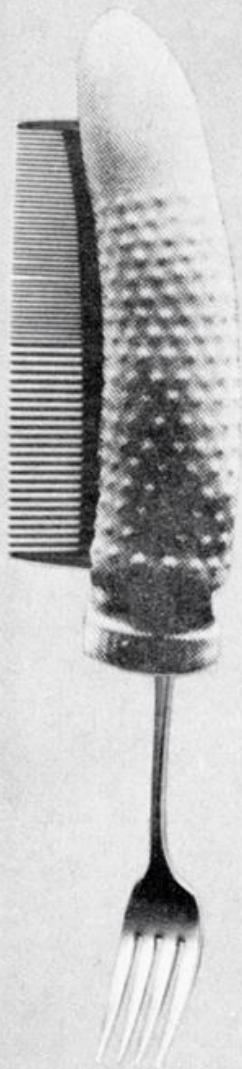
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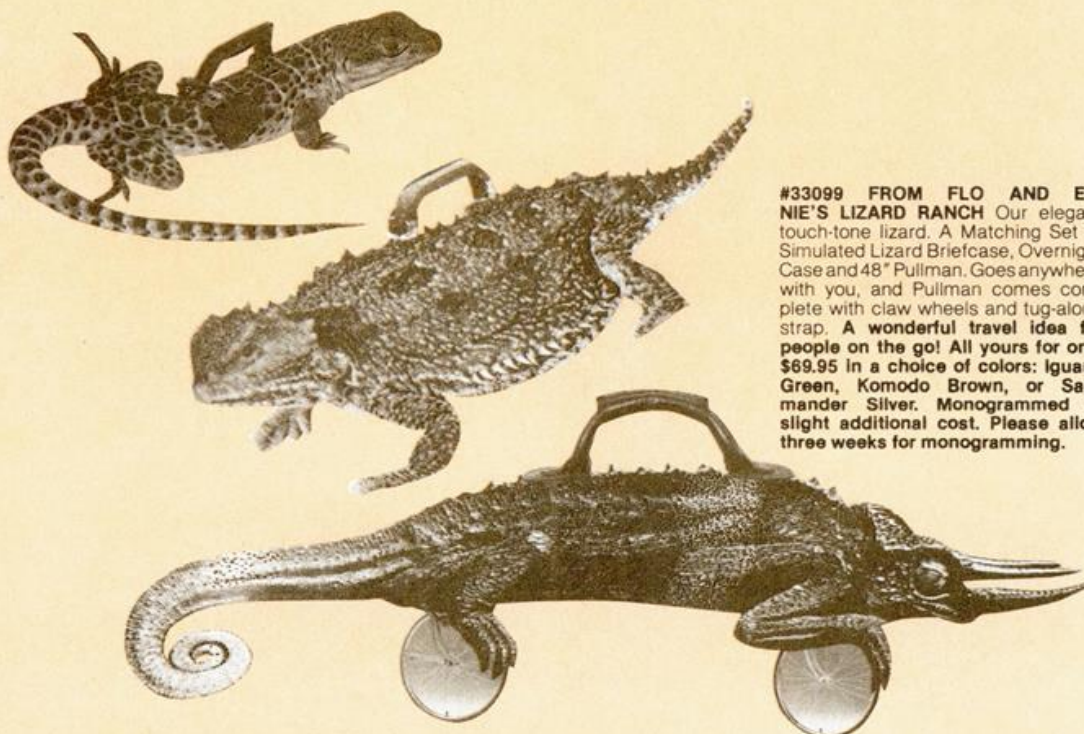
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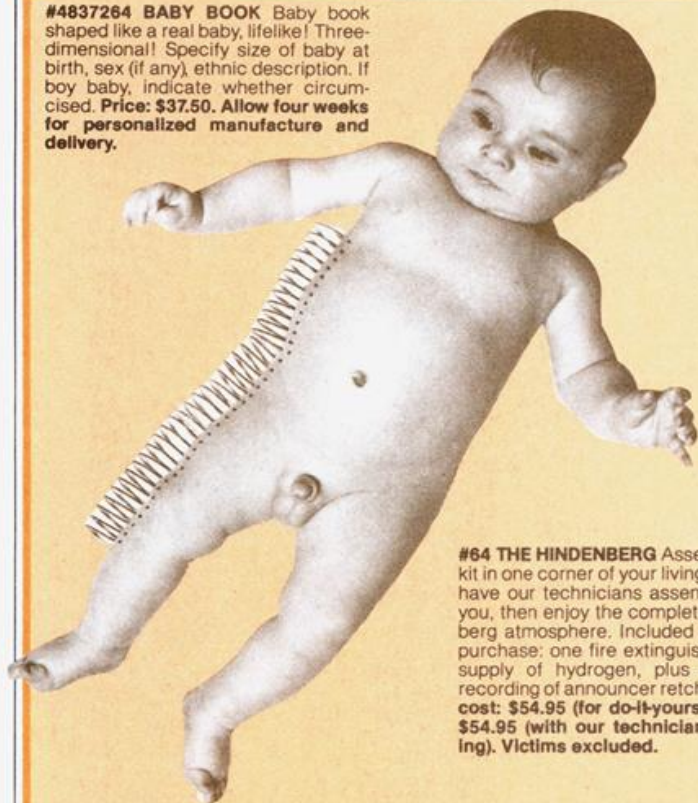
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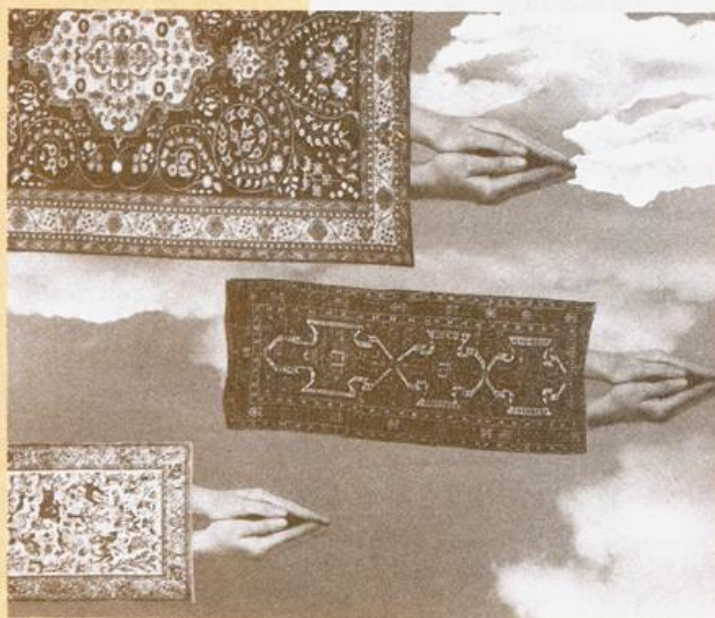
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High Interiors.



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Law and Order

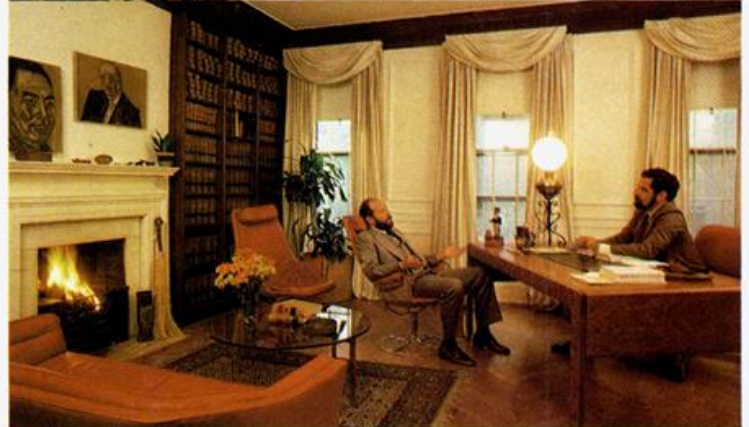
"Way beyond the bounds of satire." The sting of libel maven Marty Miner's disapproval carries through five miles of bugged telephone wire. "Funny as hell, though," concedes the corporate counsel. Thanks a lot, Marty. Another joke bites the dust.

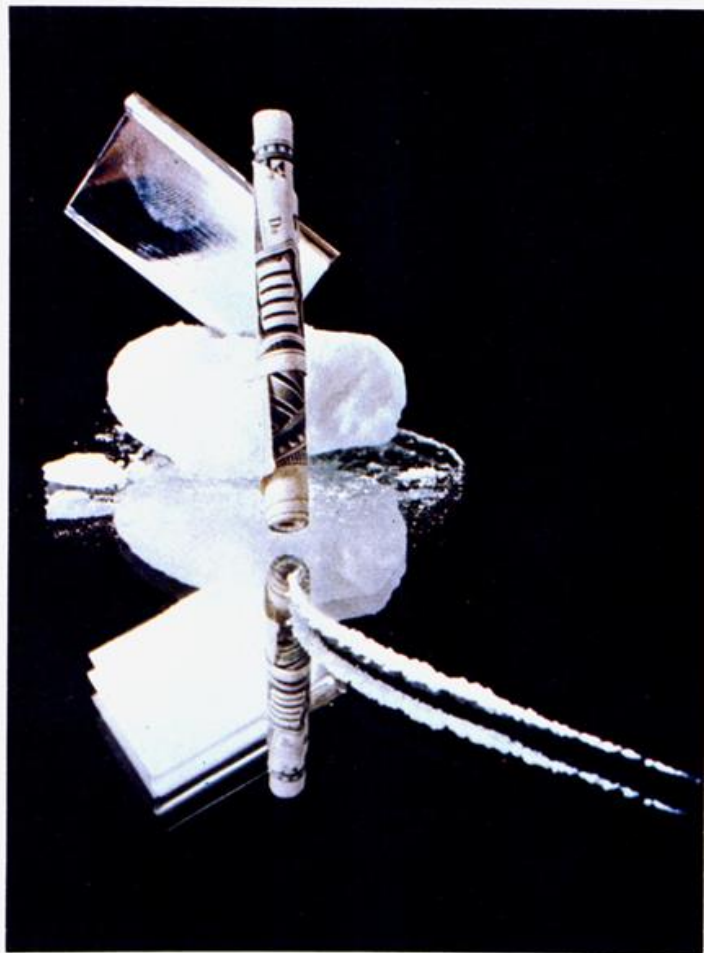
In retaliation, this month High Interiors turns the mirror on the offices of our own legal SWAT team. High Interiors editor Eleanore Kennedy—who denies any responsibility for the *haute* decor of our editorial quarters—converted a funky New York brownstone into this forensic shooting gallery. Here operate the counselors who are HIGH TIMES' first and last line of defense. They represent, in addition to the magazine's motley crew, clients accused of white-collar and dope "crimes." The building also houses the practices of eminent civil-liberties lawyers Michael Kennedy and Gerry Lefcourt.

No Muzak here, and no glaring fluorescent lights. After a night spent betwixt—constitutionally speaking—the white light and the rubber hose, the brownstone offers refuge. Comments Eleanore, "I tried to create a homey, personal, reassuring environment where the amenities are as unique as the legal representation. Their clients are usually in a great deal of trouble." Their editors, too.

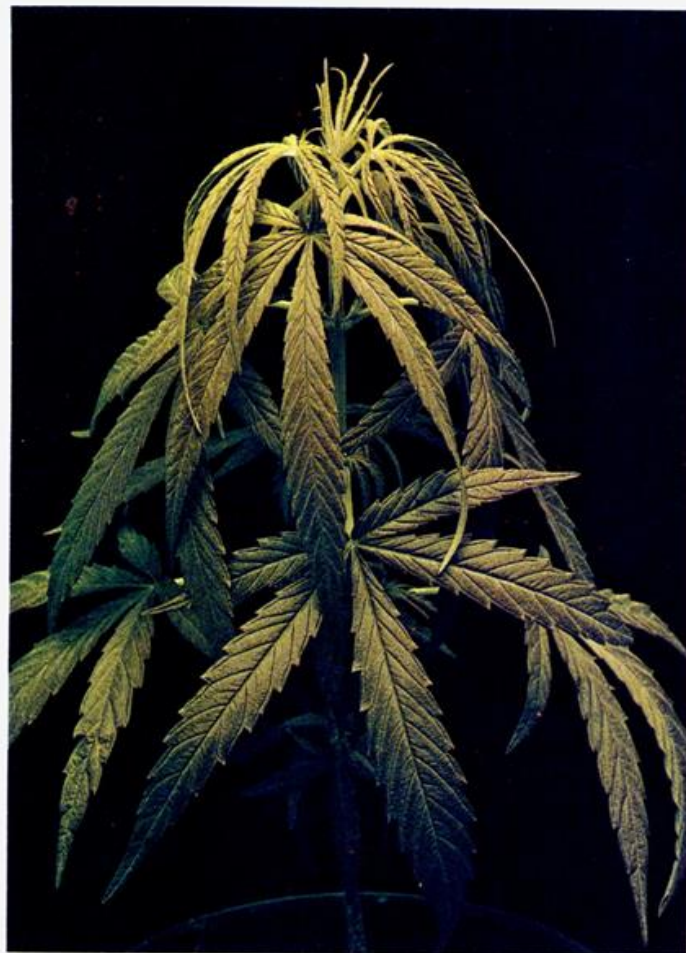
If it wasn't for these guys, High Interiors would be featuring the innovative designs of Leavenworth's Cellblock C. □

Top right: New York State Tobacco Accessories Trade Association attorney Gerald Lefcourt, discussing Exhibit #4, a glass bong, in a recent New York trial. Middle: Eleanore Kennedy maintains her design studio at the Manhattan brownstone. Bottom: HIGH TIMES corporate attorneys Steve Hyman and Marty Miner, trying to comprehend the latest in a string of libel victories for the magazine. Below: Michael Kennedy, prominent trial specialist, with his puppy Not Guilty.





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Blood of a Wig

continued from page 61

be, my friend doesn't, because he never knows what kind of M score he'll make. I mean like if he scores for half-a-bill of M, then that's what he charges for the split, you dig?"

To me, with my Mad Ave savvy, this seemed fairly illogical.

"Can't he hold out on the High Five guys?" I asked, "...you know, tell them he only got half what he really got, and save it for later?"

He shrugged, almost unhappily. "He's a very ethical guy," he said, "I mean like he's pretty weird. He's not really interested in narcotics, just *changes*. I mean, like he lets *them* do the count on the M—they tell him how much it's worth and that's what he charges for the split."

"That is weird," I agreed.

"Yeah, well it's like a new market, you know. I mean there's no established price yet, he's trying to develop a clientele—can you make half-a-bill?"

While I pondered, he smiled his brave tired smile, and said: "There's one thing about the cat, being so ethical and all—he'll never burn you."

So in the end it was agreed, and he went off to complete the arrangements.

The effect of red-split was "as advertised" so to speak—in this case, quite gleeful. Sense-derangement-wise, it was unlike acid in that it was not a question of the "Essential I" having new insights, but of becoming a different person entirely. So that in a way there was nothing very scary about it, just extremely weird, and as it turned out, somewhat mischievous (Chin Lee, incidentally, was not merely a great wig, but also a great wag). At about six in the morning I started to work on the alleged "Manchester passages." Krassner might be cross, I thought, but what the hell, you can't copyright an idea. Also I intended to give him full and ample credit. "Darn good exposure for Paul," I mused benignly, taking up the old magic quill.

The first few passages were fairly innocuous, the emphasis being on a style identical to that of the work in question. Towards the end of Chapter Six, however, I really started cooking: "...wan, and wholly bereft, she steals away from the others, moving trancelike towards the darkened rear-compartment where the casket rests. She enters, and a whispery circle of light shrouds her bowed head as she closes the door behind her and leans against it. Slowly she raises her eyes and takes a solemn step forward. She gasps, and is literally slammed back against the door by the sheer impact of the outrageous horror confronting her: i.e., the hulking Texan silhouette at the casket, its lid half raised, and he hunching bestially, his coarse animal member thrusting into the casket, and indeed into

And he hunching bestially, his coarse animal member thrusting into the casket, and indeed into the neck-wound itself.

the neck-wound itself.

"Great God," she cries, 'how heinous! It must be a case of...of...NECK-ROPHILIA!'"

I finished at about ten, dazed, and made it to the office. I went directly into Fox's cubicle (the "Lair" it was called).

"You know," I began, lending the inflection a childlike candor, "I could be wrong but I think I've got it," and I handled him the ms.

"Got what?" he countered dryly, "the clap?"

"You know, that Manchester thing we discussed at the last pre-lunch confab." While he read, I paced about, flapped my arms in a gesture of uncertainty and humble doubt. "Oh, it may need a little tighten-

ing up, brightening up, granted, but I hope you'll agree that the *essence* is there."

For a while he didn't speak, just sat with his head resting on one hand staring down at the last page. Finally he raised his eyes; his eyes were always somehow sad.

"You really *are* out of your nut, aren't you?"

"Sorry, John," I said. "Don't follow."

He looked back at the ms., moved his hands a little away from it as though it were a poisonous thing. Then he spoke with great seriousness:

"I think you ought to have your head examined."

"My head is swell," I said, and wished to elaborate, "my head..." but suddenly I felt very weary. I had evidently hit on a cow sacred even to the cynical Fox.

continued

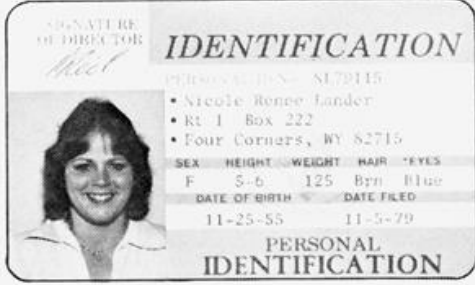
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HT

"Look," he said, "I'm not a *prude* or anything like that, but this..."—he touched the ms. with a cough which seemed to stifle a retch—"I mean, *this* is the most...*grotesque...obscene...* well, I'd rather not even discuss it. Frankly, I think you're in very real need of psychiatric attention."

"Do you think Hack will go for it?" I asked in perfect frankness.

Fox averted his eyes and began to drum his fingers on the desk.

"Look, uh, I've got quite a bit of work to do this morning, so, you know, if you don't mind...."

"Gone too far, have I, Fox? Is that it? Maybe you're missing the point of the thing—ever consider that?"

"Listen," said Fox stoutly, lips tightened, one finger raised in accusation, "you show this...*this thing* to anybody else, you're liable to get a *big smack in the kisser!*" There was an unmistakable heat and resentment in his tone—a sort of controlled hysteria.

"How do you know I'm not from the C.I.A.?" I asked quietly. "How do you know this isn't a *test*?" I gave him a shrewd narrow look of appraisal. "Isn't it just possible, Fox, that this quasi-indignation of yours is, in point of fact, simply an *act*? A *farce*? A *charade*? An *act*, in short, to *save your own skin*!?"

He had succeeded in putting me on the defensive. But now, steeped in Chink poet cunning, I had decided that an offense was the best defense, and so plunged ahead. "Isn't it true, Fox, that in this parable you see certain underlying homosexual tendencies which you unhappily recognize in yourself? Tendencies, I say, which to confront would bring you to the very brink of, 'fear and trembling,' so to speak." I was counting on the Kierkegaard allusion to bring him to his senses.

"You crazy son of a bitch," he said flatly, rising behind his desk, hands clenching and unclenching. He actually seemed to be moving towards me in some weird menacing way. It was then I changed my tack. "Well listen," I said, "what would you say if I told you that it wasn't actually *me* who did that, but a Chinese poet? Probably a Commie...an insane Commie-fag-spade-Chinese poet. Then we could view it objectively, right?"

Fox, now crazed with his own righteous adrenalin, and somewhat encouraged by my lolling helplessly in the chair, played his indignation to the hilt.

"Okay, Buster," he said, towering above me, "keep talking, but make it good."

"Well, uh, let's see now. . . ." So I begin to tell him about my experience with the red-split. And speaking in a slow, deliberate, very serious way, I managed to cool him. And then I told him about an insight I had gained into Viet Nam, Cassius Clay, Chessman, the Rosenbergs, and all sorts of interesting things. He couldn't believe it. But, of course, no one ever really does—do they? □

THE FASTEST GROWING CHURCH IN THE WORLD

by Brother Keith E. L'Hommedieu, D.D.

It's quite safe to say that of all the organized religious sects on the current scene, one church in particular stands above all in its unique approach to religion. The Universal Life Church is the only organized church in the world with no traditional religious doctrine. In the words of Kirby J. Hensley, founder, "The ULC only believes in what is right, and that all people have the right to determine what beliefs are right for them, as long as they do not interfere with the rights of others."

Reverend Hensley is the leader of the worldwide Universal Life Church with a membership now exceeding 7 million ordained ministers of all religious beliefs. Reverend Hensley started the church in his garage by ordaining ministers by mail. During the 1960's, he traveled all across the country appearing at college rallies held in his honor where he would perform mass ordinations of thousands of people at a time. These new ministers were then exempt from being inducted into the armed forces during the undeclared Vietnam war.

In 1966 Reverend Hensley was fighting the establishment on another front. The IRS tried to claim the ULC wasn't a legal church and proceeded to impound the ten thousand dollars in the church bank account. The feisty Hensley filed suit against the IRS in federal district court for return of the funds and to permanently establish the ULC as a legal tax exempt entity. On March 1, 1974 Judge James F. Battin ruled against the IRS in his decision which stated, "Neither this court or any branch of this government will consider the merits or fallacies of a religion. Nor will the court praise or condemn a religion. Were the court to do so, it would impinge upon the guarantees of the First Amendment." The judge then ordered the IRS to return the impounded money and to grant the Universal Life Church its tax exempt status.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he believes a church is people and not just a fancy building. He also believes in total freedom and equality for all people. The ULC will ordain anyone without regard to religious beliefs, race, nationality, sex or age.

The ULC's success formula is both effective and unquestionably legal. After a person has become an ordained minister, he or she can join with two other people and form their own Universal Life Church. These three people then make up the Board of Directors consisting of a Pastor, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The ULC will then grant the group the use of its legal church charter complete with both federal and state tax exempt numbers. The newly formed church may then open a bank account in the church's name. Any member of the church can legally donate up to 50% of his or her outside income to the church and take a corresponding tax deduction. The church in turn can pay the complete housing cost of its minister including rent or mortgage payment, insurance, taxes, furnishings and repairs. The church can also provide the minister with full use of an automo-



Brother L'Hommedieu is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Sacerdotal Order of the Universal Life and serves on the Board of Directors of the International Universal Life Church, Inc.

bile as well as pay for travel and educational expenses. None of these expenses are reported as income to the IRS. Recently a whole town in Hardenburg, New York became Universal Life ministers and turned their homes into religious retreats and monasteries thereby relieving themselves of property taxes, at least until the state tries to figure out what to do.

Churches enjoy certain other tax benefits over the common man on the street. For instance, a church can legally buy and sell real estate or stocks and bonds completely tax free. It can receive tax free income from bank deposits or mortgages. Many churches own large publishing, recording, or other related businesses like hospitals, clinics and schools without paying any income tax.

A church can sponsor any kind of fund raising event such as a concert, play or even bingo. Churches are also exempt from paying inheritance taxes. When the pastor of the church dies, the Board of Directors simply appoints a new pastor and the church goes on.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he personally doesn't believe in the tax exempt status of churches. However, if the government is going to give a free ride to Billy Graham and the Pope, then why not let everybody participate in these blessings. Furthermore, he backs his words up by offering to defend in court the tax exempt status of his congregations.

Since the church was founded in 1962, it has attracted members who are movie and TV personalities, businessmen, government officials, lawyers, and doctors as well as all types of regular working people. During the last 15 years the Universal Life church has blossomed into a full blown grass roots populace movement. Reverend Hensley is ordaining ten thousand new ministers a week and predicts that the church will have over 20,000,000 members by the early 1980's. In addition, requests for interviews and TV appearances continue to pour in.

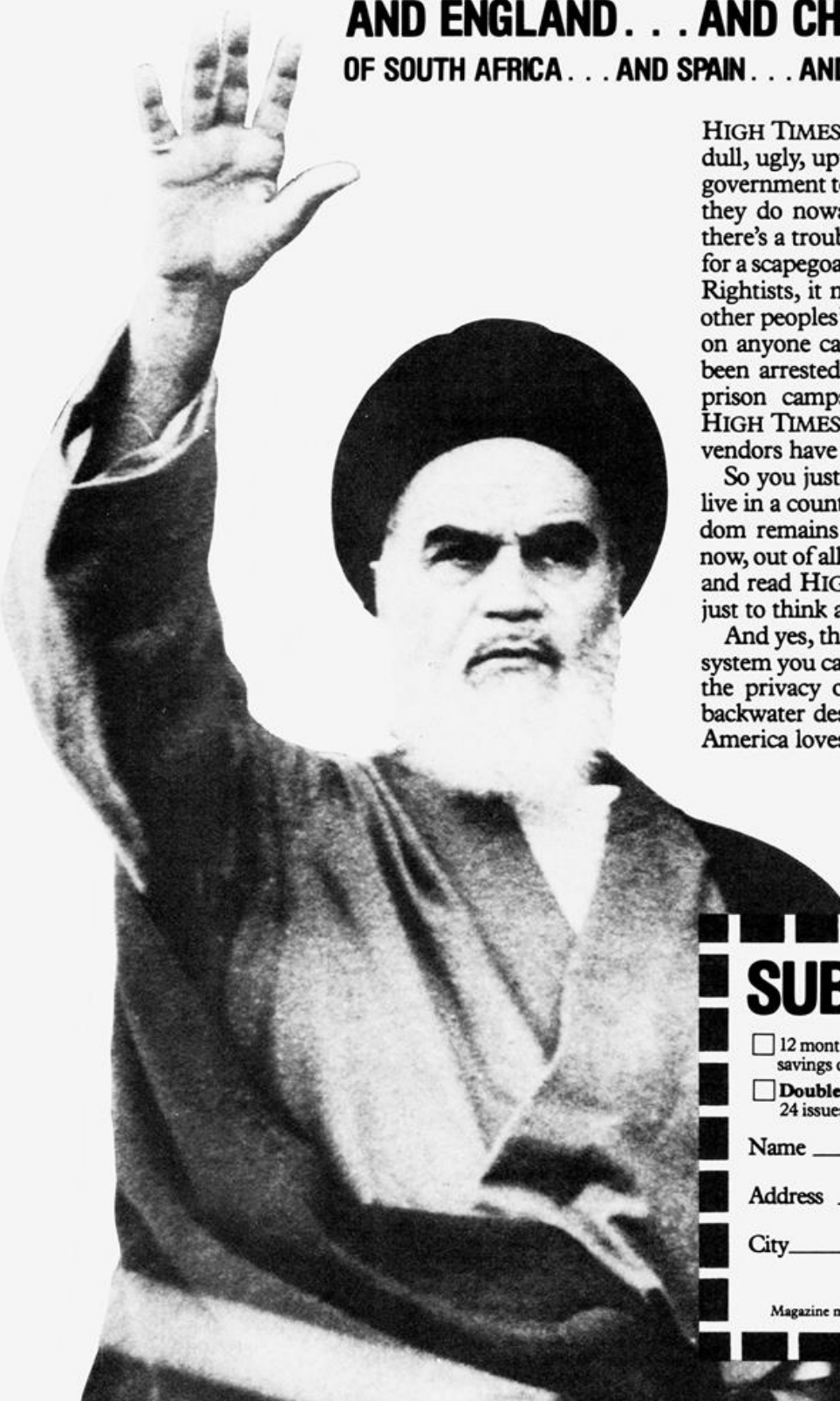
Anyone who is a member of the ULC will tell you that the ULC is destined to change the world. By unifying mankind into a brotherhood of freedom orientated individuals, each respecting the other's right to live life as they see fit, the Universal Life Church hopes to put an end to all wars. Reverend Hensley admits that this is a pretty monumental task to accomplish, but he also points out that he is already well on the way to reaching his goal.

Rev. Hensley invites all those interested in becoming an ordained minister and receiving complete information and Minister's Credentials, to send a \$100 tax deductible donation to the Universal Life Church, 1335 Seabright Ave., Dept. 263, Santa Cruz, CA 95062

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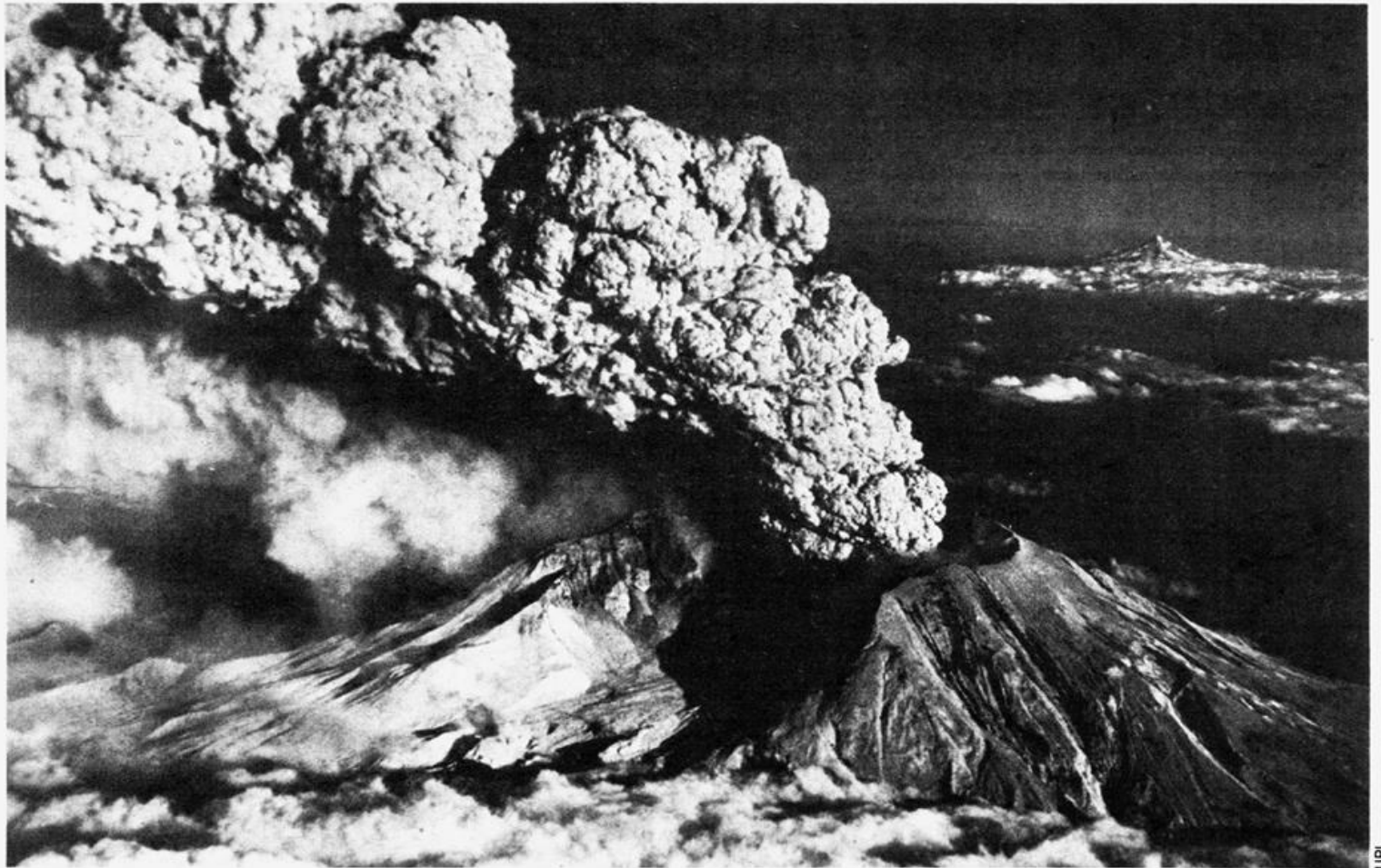
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Wide World

Wide World

Reagan Aide:

"WE'LL NUKE MOUNT ST. HELENS"



"Environment has become a stark matter of life and death in the '80s," declares new Undersecretary of the Interior Elmira Napalm, specially appointed to the office of Ecology Czarina. "We made a special in-depth study of this issue when I was treasurer of American Cyanamid, and I plan to implement a dramatic series of fresh, new, revolutionary approaches to this issue. It's time we stopped our lily-livered pandering to the environment and started swinging our weight as human beings."

Napalm's proposal to the Strategic Air Command, requesting a high-yield tactical nuclear strike on Mount St. Helens in Washington State, has been well-received by the military. "For a year now that mountain has held every American on the West Coast hostage. I'm not about to accept that," pledges the czarina. "We have to set a precedent of quick, unequivocal reaction to the forces of nature when they engage in acts of deliberate terrorism. If that means making an example of Mount St. Helens, well, what better place to start?"

The dramatic volcano pacification strategy, Napalm theorizes, will serve as an instructive admonition to other environmental factors that may otherwise get out of hand in the future. "The trees," she says darkly. "We have to bring it home forcefully to the trees that Americans will no longer stand for the way they crowd out and clutter up our precious wilderness areas. And the ani-

mals! A lot of those bears and birds and other trash seem to think our national parks are there to be used as their toilets. Well, we'll soon put a stop to that."

Interior's top-priority objective for 1984 is to have every American secure from environmental hazard for "as long as the rivers run, the sun shines, the winds blow, and think they can get away with it." Napalm

reportedly has a secret plan to shift the North American gulf stream north to the Arctic Circle, thus moderating the American climate permanently; sources in the department suggest that this could be done by heating parts of Asia and Eastern Europe to 2500° F. "It's about time we wedded the Defense Department to our environmental policy," says Napalm.

BORN-AGAINS RISE UP FROM POLITICAL LIMBO

All Washington is awash with nostalgia, thanks to the many new appointments made by the Rev. Jerry Fallout to fill the new Special Ministry for Public Morality. "The reawakening of America has guided many specially gifted and knowledgeable political people to Christ's fold," Reverend Fallout told reporters in the ministry's headquarters, a corridor in the White House basement. "Some have been steeped in the fires of sin in their previous lives, and then tempered by the cleansing waters of redemption. Whatever their former errors may have been, these shriven souls deserve a chance now to go forth in the service of American Christianity."

The Rev. Charles Colson is already setting up the office of the White House Caulkers, meant to serve as a top-secret investigation and trouble-shooting branch for the Ship of Christian State. "The racks and

thumbscrews are mainly just for display," explains Reverend Colson. "Usually you just have to show them to the guy—in *con-spectu tormentoru*, the Inquisition handbook says—and that does the job. But don't get the idea we'll be pulling any punches, gentlemen. Speaking strictly off the record—and I trust even the so-called free press knows what that means—we've got a whole lot of grudges to pay off, you know."

In line with the administration's policy of minimizing new hirings, the Caulkers' budget will be drawn from a secret fund provided by the Conservative Action Committee, disbursed through Rev. Fred Buzhardt and Rev. Dwight Chapin. Reverend Gordon Liddy will coordinate investigations into anti-Christian activities, while Rev. Howard Hunt directs outreach ministry services. Comic relief will be provided by Rev. Donald Segretti.

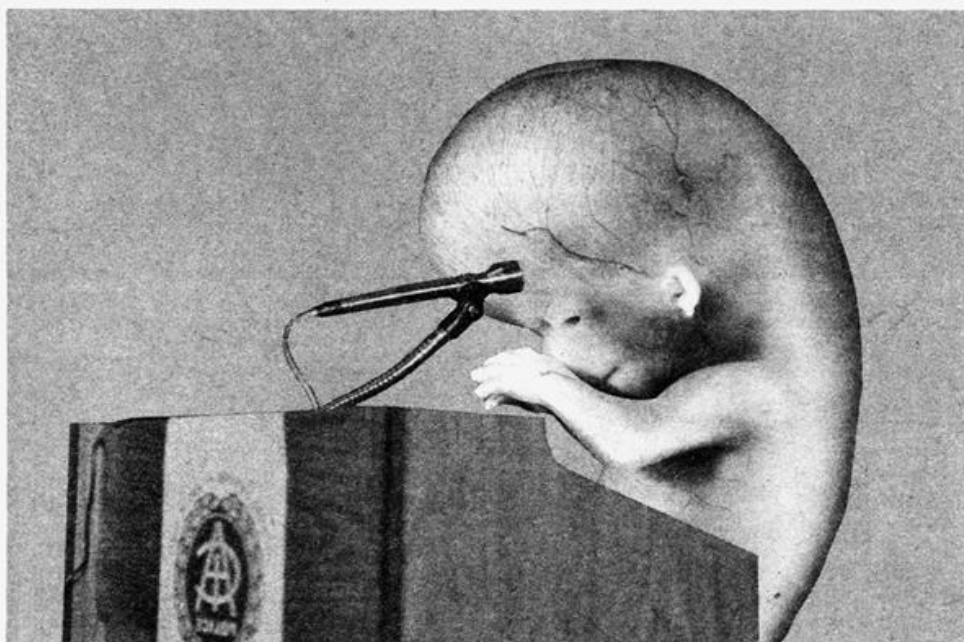
FETUS ELECTED TO CONGRESS

VOWS SUPPORT FOR RIGHT-TO-LIFE AMENDMENT

The single freshest face on Capitol Hill is Terry McNally of Crutch, Minnesota, a two-month-old aborted fetus, elected congressman on the independent Baby's Breath Party slate. "As a member of America's single most oppressed minority, I intend to lead foursquare the battle for the restitution of the American family as Congress's number one priority," the fetus pledged. "No one knows better than I where 30 years of liberal-minded waywardness have led this unhappy nation. Now it's time to hit back."

Rep. McNally's chief spokesman and political adviser, insurance magnate V. Merriweather Magnate IV, credits McNally's unprecedented election to "a reawakening of the Christian moral sensibility in Middle America, a strengthening of the national determination to achieve nuclear superiority over Red Russia, and a hell of a good direct-mail campaign." The campaign was conducted entirely out of Magnate's Minneapolis headquarters, because the candidate, for obvious reasons, had to keep speaking appearances to a minimum.

Magnate attributes to "sour-grapes liberal malingering" the much-voiced opposition to the swearing in of McNally as a congress-



sional officer. "It turns your stomach to see these type scum pretending that the founding fathers of the American Constitution ever meant for a minute to keep a good Commie-hating Christian fetus like Terry McNally out of the halls of Congress. First the liberals kill our babies, and then they say they can't run for democratic office. What kind of con game is that?"

McNally hopes to have considerable influence in the forthcoming move for a Right-to-Life amendment. "I intend to see that the amendment includes a provision extending full civil and human rights to aborted fetuses like myself," McNally declares, "and a special rider that finally guarantees a fair and even deal for insurance companies."

A WARM PLACE TO SHIT?



"I'm as surprised as you are," former agriculture secretary Earl Butz told reporters when news broke that he had been appointed to lead the President's task force on slum pacification. "What the fuck does an old Iowa shitkicker like me know about the South Bronx, for Christ sake? Who the hell's in charge here? Do I have to spend the next four years of my life installing space heaters in coontown outhouses, or what?"

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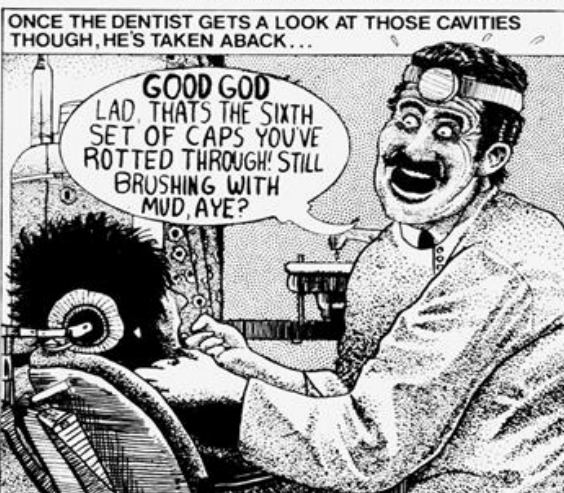
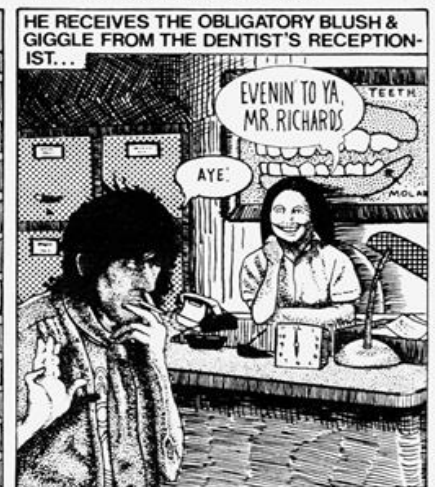
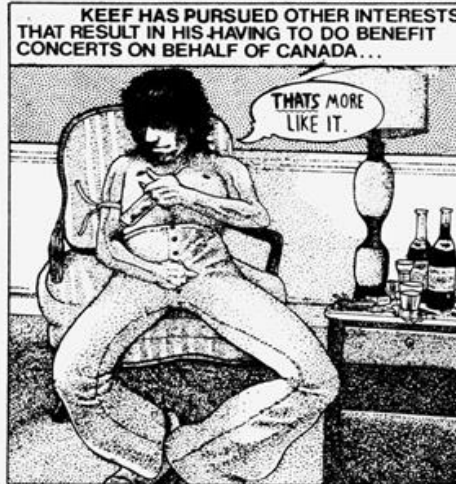
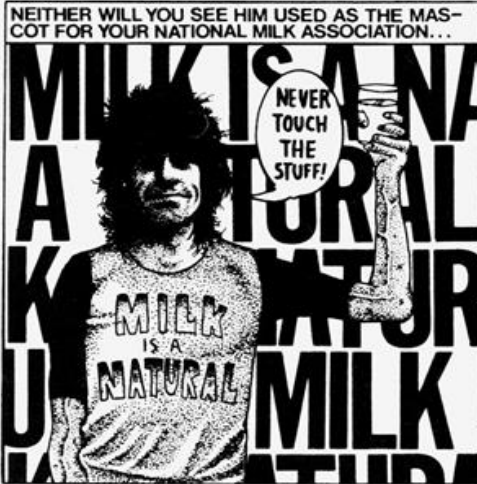
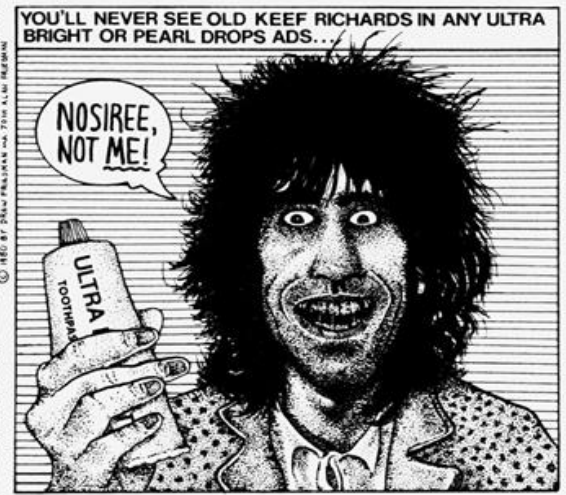
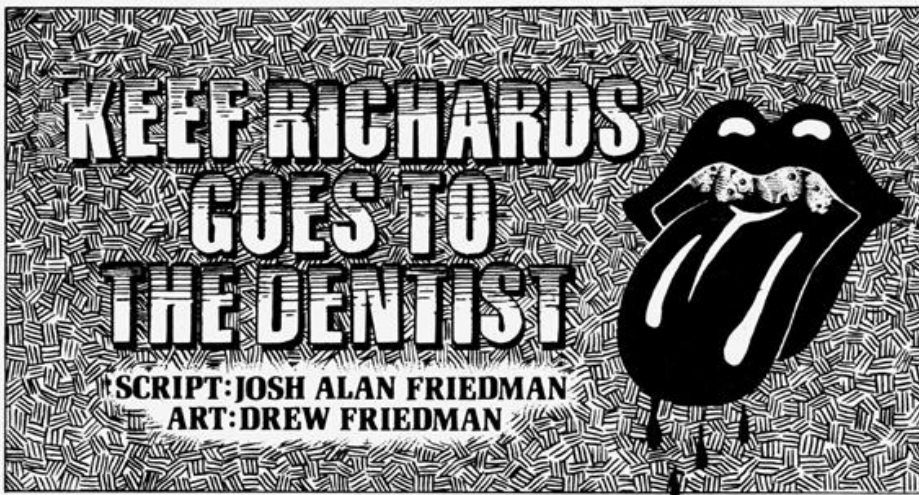


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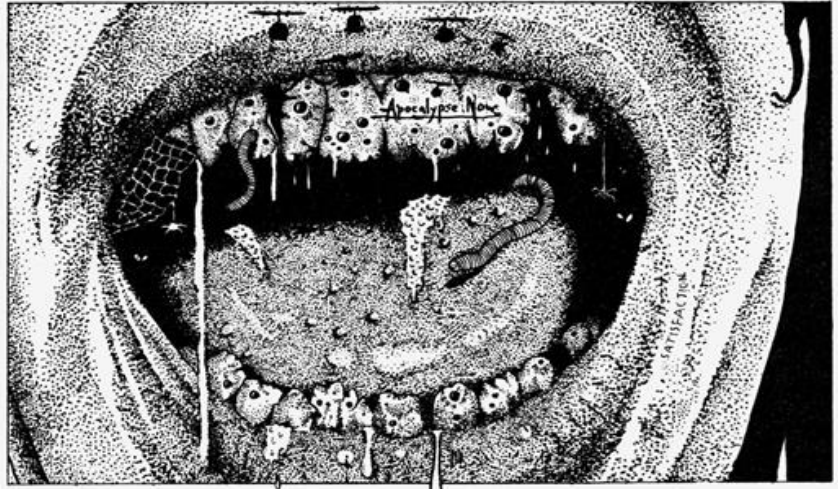
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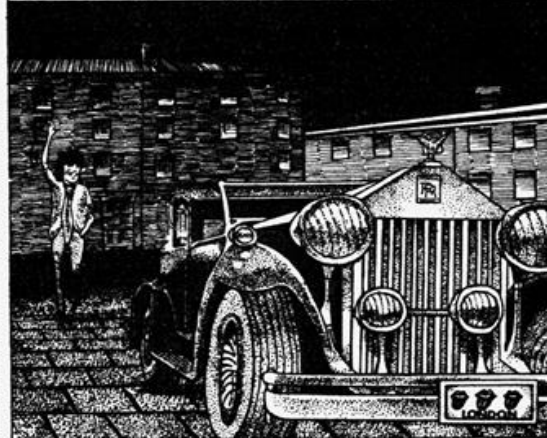
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Dear Dr. Fuck:

Can swallowing the male ejaculate which entered my parched aching lusting mouths after many varied twisting sensuous turns of my tall tanned blond muscular lover who had begged me to squeeze his turgid bronze-like balls and roll my languid tongue over his great throbbing ecstasy machine add significantly to my calorie intake? —Calorie Counter

Dear CC: Unless you took inordinate amounts of his mildly spiced and delicately savored thick viscous cum (redolent of the blue salt breeze around Montego Bay) into your tiny luscious teenage sweet-smiling oral orifice fragrant as an orange blossom which pouted so desirously to encompass his pulsing punk flesh rod of gigantic proportions in its rosy tinted rugae, we don't think so.

P.S.: If you're worried tho, you could always

stick it in your cunt at the last minute.

Dear Dr. Fuck:

How big is the normal penis? —Curious

The normal penis is 16 inches (in the flaccid state). However, some individuals have penises varying in length from 18 inches all the way up to 30 inches, and of course some have smaller penises. Some are as small as 12 or 10 inches.

Dear Dr. Fuck:

Are oral contraceptives safe? —Worried

Dear Were: In the words of most of the medical profession: "Safe enough for you, baby."

Dear Dr. Fuck:

I never get laid. What should I do? —Hard

Dear Hard: I don't know. I have the same problem.

Dear Dr. Fuck:

What is "The Lavoris"? —Puzzled Teenager

Dear Puzzled: You have got your terms confused. The clitoris is an itsy-bitsy piece of "proud flesh" atop a woman's vagina that is one of the great centers of her pleasure. As Dr. Spock often says: "It is an erectile structure situated beneath the anterior labial commissure, partly hidden between the anterior ends of the labia minora. The free extremity, also called glans clitoris, is a small rounded tubercle and consists of two corpora cavernosa composed of erectile tissue enclosed in a dense layer of fibrous membrane, each of which is connected to the rami of the pubis and ischium by a crus. The clitoris is served by the internal pudendal artery and the pudendal nerve and just about everybody likes to be nice to it.

"It is to be remembered that the penis is merely a grossly malformed clitoris."

The clitoris is also called: "the pleasure button," "the lady in the boat," "the buzzer," "automatic pilot," "on switch," "Lighthouse of Lesbos," "twat-tit," "Rose of Tralee," "devil's dot," "disco dancer" and "God's gumdrop."

"Lavoris" is the trade name of a 1930s tractor-trailer manufactured by the Caterpillar Corporation of Chicago.



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Prisoner seeks correspondence. SIDNEY (KHALIL) WILLIAMS, #00296-287-D, P.O. Box W, Lompoc, CA 93438.

Prisoner seeks friendship. ROY PECHIN, Box C-01560, San Quentin, CA 94974.

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Lonely 19 year old in prison would like to hear from and write to any sincere people. Please write: RICHARD DEEDS, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701.

Wanted: caring individuals to correspond with lonely inmate. Contact: PAT TOBIAS, P.O. Box 69-152898, London, OH 43140.

Inmate in need of correspondence. Please write: JOSEPH SPITZA, Box 45699/151-234, Lucasville, OH 45699.

Inmate seeks correspondence. 6'1", 180 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, write STEVE J. KEMP, Box 97-94305, McAlester, OK 74501.

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58 DEAD FLIES CAUSE THE OINTMENT OF the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor.

Ecclesiastes 10:1

59 FIVE OR SIX YEARS AGO I KNEW THOUSANDS of acres in the lower Rio Grande Valley where peyote grew in profusion. Today, visits to one after another of these previously flourishing locations show them barren [due to picking] of even a surviving specimen.

Del Weniger, Botanist,
Our Lady of the Lake College,
San Antonio, Texas

60 HE WHO MAKES A BEAST OF HIMSELF [by drunkenness] gets rid of the pain of being a man.

Samuel Johnson

61 KIF IS LIKE A FIRE: A LITTLE WARMS, A lot burns.

62 MRS. GABB: WHAT IS THE MATTER with my husband?

Doctor: Nothing, except that he needs change. I prescribe opiates and rest.

Mrs. Gabb: Shall I give him the opiates at once?

Doctor: Oh, the opiates are not for him; they are for you.

Once a Week, before 1900



63 I DIG SEX ON UPPERS, DOWNERS... drugs that take me sideways... and those that turn me inside-out... even a placebo would probably sex me up if I thought it would alter me in some way.

Man quoted in *Drugs and Youth*,
E. Harms, editor, 1973



64 ONE EVENING IN OCTOBER
When I was far from sober
And dragging home a load with manly pride
My feet began to stutter
So I lay down in the gutter
And a pig came up and parked right by my side.

Then I warbled: "It's fair weather
When good fellows get together,"
Till a Christian passing by was heard to say:
"You can tell a man who boozes
By the company he chooses."
Then the pig got up and slowly walked away.

65 I WOULDN'T CARE IF SOMEONE CAME along with a machine gun and killed all of them [drug addicts]. I've been robbed, my wife has been robbed—I'm sorry but I just don't care any more.

Lower East Side resident,
New York Times, March 19, 1971

66 IF YOU CLAIM THIS DRUG LSD IS GOING to make a man a saint, a yogi, which needs months, years, a lifetime, you can better, more profitably, make a simple drug, one that makes a man a doctor or a lawyer.

Swami Satchidananda

67 IN JAMAICA MARIJUANA IS KNOWN TO many persons of the lower classes as "the wisdom weed" and it is alleged that it stimulates good qualities in the person who uses it and brings him closer to God...

68 IT IS CUSTOMARY TO GIVE HEMP TO guests at banquets to promote hilarity and happiness.

Galen [129-199 A.D.]

69 THE LAW ENFORCEMENT PRACTICE OF attributing retail value to bulk merchandise [such as cocaine] is similar to attributing the value of 100 Christian Dior dresses to a bale of cotton.

Jerry Mandel, 1967

70 THE YOUNG WISH TO WAKE UP, WHILE the old want to go to sleep.

R.G. Smart, M.D.,
Associate Director,
Addiction Research Foundation,
Toronto, 1969

71 TURN OFF YOUR MIND, RELAX AND float downstream,
It is not dying.

Beatles,
"Tomorrow Never Knows," 1966

72 TV DRUG COMMERCIALS ACTUALLY make us sick say psychological experts.

They charge that many TV advertisers cleverly use the power of suggestion to create in viewers symptoms of cold, flu, and other ailments, just so they can sell their products...

"In my clinic I see a great many people who develop very decided symptoms in response to TV drug advertisements.

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TV News, June 14, 1980



73 "WHY DID YOU STOP TAKING TRANQUILIZERS, Miss Holtes?"

"Because I found myself being friendly to people I didn't speak to otherwise."

American, 1977



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Sounds.

by John Swenson



The River is more than even The Boss's most devoted followers had bargained for.

**Springsteen
argues that
as long
as there's
rock 'n' roll,
there's
hope.**

**Bruce Springsteen
The River
Columbia PC2-36854**

Last night I was walking home, just walking down the street, it was pretty late, 'bout three o'clock in the morning, it was raining a little, and this gold '72 Cadillac comes roaring down Eighth Street going maybe 75, 80 miles an hour and rams dead on into a semi parked along the side of the road. When it hits it makes a big blast like a bomb going off, then you hear the glass falling to the pavement and a hissing as the front tires lose all their air. The car is totaled, everything right up to the driver's seat just crumpled in like a cardboard box somebody stepped on.

It takes a minute for the horror of a scene like that to sink in, and just as I'm wondering who was in the car, both front doors sort of creak partway open and two guys stagger out, one from each side. The guy who was in the passenger's seat is hurt bad, blood just streaming down his face over his shirt, and the driver is bleeding pretty bad too. As bad as they're hurt, though, I'm relieved to see them both conscious and walking around. I call an ambulance and give each of them parts of my *Daily News* to hold to the gashes on their faces. "Uhn, Tony," one slurs, "Dad is gonna go wild when he hears about this one." In a couple of minutes the cops are on the scene. A tow truck shows up right after. Who called a truck? Finally the ambulance comes and the two guys are helped into the back. It's weird, they look like extras from *Saturday Night Fever*, even with their brush cuts matted with blood.

The cops make the kids show license and registration before they can go get fixed up. When the ambulance leaves, the two cops look at this totaled Caddy and shake their heads. "Must be Springsteen fans," says the younger one, and they get in the squad car and leave.

I go upstairs and turn on the radio just in time to hear a preview of "Wreck on the Highway" from *The River*. If I was a Jungian or a Discordian I'd call it synchronicity, but I'm a rock critic so I'll call it a perfect lead for a story.

The River is going to be a lot of people's favorite album of 1980, and after a few listenings I know I'm not going to mind hearing it for the next two years every time I turn the radio on. Even Springsteen's numerous detractors should be impressed by the breadth of this collection, and for the faithful this record is shocking in its generosity. Springsteen fans have been circulating bootleg tapes hysterically for several years because there have been so many outtakes and alternate live versions of songs. A double record of the material he's been working on for these past two years is more than most of his following had bargained for. When Springsteen's live shows work, it seems like he performs the gamut of rock styles right before your eyes, and on this record he's approximated that experience in the studio, which is an amazing feat.

continued



David Gahr

Springsteen is shooting for nothing less than a summing up of the American experience itself, using the perspective of disaffected youth as his leverage point. The key Springsteen uses to build this vision around is the car, which is at once a symbol of freedom and part of the economic dead end that most middle- and lower-class suburban dwellers have found themselves in. It's a mark of Springsteen's quixotic daring that he should choose to champion the car cult at a time when Detroit's closing factories and gasoline prices are making the three-car family extinct. But the economic crisis makes individual family fights more intense, and Springsteen writes songs for the kids whose out-of-work fathers have even less use for teenage rebellion than usual. "Independence Day," the classic ballad that has been one of the most talked about unrecorded songs at Springsteen shows up until now, is here in all its sadness and controlled fury. Here the same kid who raged at his father in "Adam Raised a Cain" surveys the situation sadly as he prepares to leave forever, rationalizing their previous battles with the line "This house wasn't big enough for both of us." The future here is bleak—no job, no money, love that's harder to keep than find—but it's a future that Springsteen's hero determinedly claims as his own, regardless of his prospects. The Springsteen hero is Willy Loman before he realized the futility of his quest, but with a difference—Springsteen seems to argue that as long as there's rock 'n' roll, there's hope. He makes the statement with a beautiful metaphor in the title track: "Is the dream a lie that don't come true or is it something worse/That sends me down to the river/Though the river has run dry." For Springsteen even the memory of the river is enough to keep going.

Notes

Twice Nightly, The Tremblers (Johnston NJZ 36532). As leader of Herman's Hermits, Peter Noone was one of the premier pop figures of the early '60s. Despite the fact that he was extremely young at the time and had a reputation just slightly hipper than the Archies later would, Noone had more than bubblegum on his mind. When cosmic consciousness hit England in the later '60s, Noone dropped out of the pop scene and watched the flowers grow. As he puts it now, "I didn't want to be Englebert Humperdinck. Nobody can make it for a really long haul unless they're in a band. Solo performers can't really pull it off."

In the current climate of the '60s revival and pop power, Noone's comeback doesn't seem so surprising, but to anyone who can remember what "Mrs. Brown, You've Got a Lovely Daughter" sounded like, the tough, crisp sound of this record is a pleasant shock. Noone has teamed up with an all-star cast including Tom Petty's Heartbreakers for this outing and collaborated on most of the songwriting for a hard-edged sound

Theatre" from previous Python discs would strongly disagree. Nevertheless, the Python crew's incredible visual wit was always their strongest suit, but here they've taken a page from the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band and made a record that owes nothing to potential visuals. The main medium used is song forms with silly premises, like "Henry Kissinger," "I Like Chinese," "Medical Love Song" and "Sit on My Face." This is stuff

McGuinn and Hillman have come up with an album that stands up against their efforts as the Byrds.

that compares very favorably to Petty's recent stuff. Ringing Byrds-like riffs and driving blues rock smash through the record, coining instant classics like the irresistible "You Can't Do That," the crazy "Steady Eddy," the ironic "Wouldn't I?," a pretty good masturbation tune called "Dad Said," the boogie vamp "Little Lover," a sexual fantasy inspired by a call girl, "She Was Something Else," and the incredible "I Screamed Anne," on which Noone pulls out some Mitch Ryder-like screams that could bust his reputation as a crooner forever.

The Original Johnny Otis Show Vol. 2 (Savoy 2252). Drummer-bandleader Otis led one of the most important groups in the transition from big-band swing to R&B and proto rock 'n' roll. His recordings for Savoy in the late '40s and early '50s provide some of the best illustrations available of the musical climate that led directly to rock 'n' roll, and the sides collected here are just as interesting to rock fans as to archivists and historians. These are, for the most part, the less commercial numbers, and as such are particularly interesting; you can hear the band working out musical ideas rather than honing commercial formulas. There are several outstanding performances by vocalists Linda Hopkins, Mel Walker and Dee Williams, but the instrumentals are spectacular, particularly saxophonists Gene Montgomery's bebop blast "Blow Gene Blow." Also of special note is the guitar playing of Charles Norris, whose biting, syncopated style is a definite rock 'n' roll forerunner.

Monty Python's Contractual Obligation Album (Arista AL 9536). The Python wit has always seemed best served by visual accompaniment, even though those who've memorized entire sections of "Spanish Inquisition" and "Gumby

Vivian Stanshall would approve of. A certain amount of self-fulfilling prophecy is involved as well on the auto-critical "I Bet You They Won't Play This Song on the Radio."

String Quartet No. 3; Music for Six; Curriculum Vitae, Lukas Foss (Composers Recordings CRI SD 413). Suicide or any of the other exponents of "new wave" synthesized music that dares call itself "minimalist" should listen closely to the real thing and note well the difference. Foss is neither so one-dimensionally imaginative nor trendmongering enough to be characterized by a single label, but his uses of minimalist repetition of forms provides a truly interesting exfoliation of their elemental content. The music here is disturbing at times, often stark yet packed with emotional resonance as Foss explores the possibilities inherent in the wild beauty of his medium. "Music for Six," performed here by the University of Buffalo Percussion Ensemble, was written for *any six instruments* (with appropriate transpositions), and sounds particularly good in this incarnation, evoking a mystic Afro-European synthesis. "Curriculum Vitae" is one of the most astonishing pieces ever written for the accordion, and Guy Klucsevsek's performance is stirringly virtuosic. The eeriness that binds these compositions together reaches its sepulchral height on "String Quartet No. 3," a themeless exercise in subtly changing pattern repetition played here by the Columbia String Quartet.

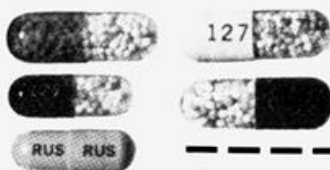
Doc at the Radar Station, Captain Beefheart (Virgin VA13148). In which Don Van Vliet continues the return to *Clear Spot*-style hard-rock weirdness begun by the recent classic *Shiny Beast/Bat Chain Puller*. It's hard to say this is Beefheart's *best* mode, but it certainly is his most listenable, and

this maestro of weird seems well suited by a form that makes his message toe-tappingly accessible while the meat-grinder vocals and dissonant melodies wrang and bleat in stereophonic grandeur. There is even a Zappaesque (circa *Uncle Meat*) instrumental, "A Carrot Is as Close as a Rabbit Gets to a Diamond," that reminds you that the Cap was an old-school chum of Zappa's and shares not a few notes in common with that left-field thinker. There are several tunes here so catchy you could almost imagine Beefheart played on the *radio* (gasp)—the album opener, "Hot Head," the brilliant blues vamp "Ashtray Heart," a stirring anthem to racetracking in *twisto*, "Run Paint Run Run," the searing mind-warp of "Best Batch Yet" and the Chinese noodle Western, "Sheriff of Hong Kong." The famed Beefheart poetics is here in full strength, too, as a line from "Dirty Blue Gene" will attest: "She wasn't bad, she was gen-et-ic-ally **MEAN!**"

McGuinn-Hillman (Capitol SOO-12108). After countless attempts to recapture the golden sound of the Byrds by reassembling various parts of the original group, charter members Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman have come up with an album that stands up against their efforts as the Byrds without aping the old style. McGuinn and Hillman were always the two best members of the group anyway. McGuinn kept the Byrds going well after he was the only original member left, making excellent records all the while. His style is so closely identified with the Byrds that solo albums like *Peace On You* and *Cardiff Rose* sounded more Byrds-like than some Byrds albums. Hillman, meanwhile, was providing the backbone to a succession of groups, notably the Flying Burrito Brothers and Manassas, with his rocking bass playing. Part of the reason this record sounds so good is that the two are truly co-leaders, switching off on lead vocals and dividing the song selections with an eye out for crisp pacing and a well-balanced sound. As a matter of fact the presence of super guitarist Wayne Perkins adds a punch and clarity to the sound that seems to lift the whole session off the ground. "Mean Streets" may well be the best song Hillman's ever written. McGuinn tosses in his customary gem with "King for a Night," and covers of Graham Parker's "Soul Shoes" and "Between You and Me" will certainly surprise any new-wave fans who think of these guys as wimps. ☐

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to those of us
who do.

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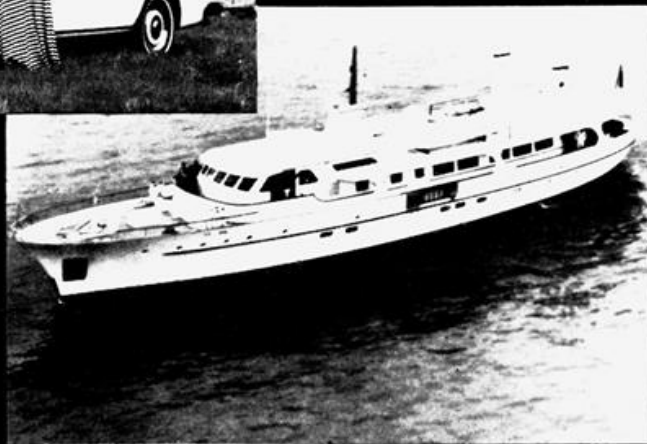
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Connoisseur

continued from page 11

inspired a number of Northern smokers to become window pot planters on the strength of these Hayseed Weed tiger seeds alone.

As you know, the connoisseur likes to explore and delineate the subtle regional differences within dope-growing areas—they're often as important as the difference between, say, Burgundy and Bordeaux to wine connoisseurs. And this year at last the Southern states have expanded their export capacity enough to make some tentative distinctions possible. Consider the following subtypes:

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Interview: Southern with Burroughs

continued from page 37

Southern: I know, but can't they okay something that will get you high without knowing? Isn't this the classic argument? That the bureaucratic restraints and bonds of the FDA would have put them imaginatively and creatively behind the guys who are trying to really sneak something in under the radar?

Burroughs: I'll tell you why not. In the first place, all the big companies are hand in fist with the FDA, provided the FDA doesn't try starting something. The FDA are the company cops. That's exactly what they are.

Southern: But there must be corruption within the company.

Burroughs: There's corruption but it's more likely that it has something to do with something that kills people rather than get them high. You look there and you see something like Milanite.

Something like that can sneak through. Other things can sneak through that they find cause liver damage, but very little sneaks through that is going to get you high. *[Picking up a bottle]* Well, so far here's the one thing we got. It contains half a grain of codeine sulfate, hardly any, but in other words, if you drank one of these bottles you might get a little buzz.

Southern: C'mon, we got anything else?

Burroughs: *[Grumbling]* Now this stuff goes straight to the garbage—nonnarcotic. I don't want anything nonnarcotic!

Southern: Look, you're complaining a terrible lot about all this, Bill. I'm telling you, you're being very unresponsive. They can all say nonnarcotic but they may be using some really weird definition of narcotic, like something out of *Dracula*. Do you realize the competition that must be going on between the headache people, trying to cure headaches?

Burroughs: *[Picking up another bottle and tossing it aside]* Well, we don't need any anti-inflammatory agents for ancient arthritic conditions.

Southern: It's a painkiller! Arthritis is the word they use now for pain, and that means heavy codeine.

High Times: *[Holding a bottle]* This is well known to me. It's just cough syrup with all these regular ingredients.

Southern: But it might cook up into something really sensational! You don't understand the cook-up theory, where you cook it up until everything disappears except this essence, which would be dynamite in terms of sense derangement—

High Times: Terry, how about rolling a joint.

Southern: Sure. *[Opens a small metal can.]* This is from Colombia. That is packed in there. Shit! This is dynamo dynamite. I'm gonna twist one up right away. *[Whips out some cherry pink rolling papers.]*

High Times: Why don't you twist up

another one of those things, Terry? I figure Bill might be gonna smoke that one up himself. *[Burroughs has picked up a series of newspaper clippings about murder and is acting out various parts on the other side of the room, Terry's first joint in one hand.]* Was there a lot of cocaine in Paris during Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald's time?

Burroughs: Man, there was plenty of cocaine and heroin. In the late 1920s it was all over the place in Europe if you knew how to go about getting it. It was about a hundredth the price it is now.

Southern: Hemingway and Fitzgerald never mentioned any of this stuff. They never mentioned drugs.

High Times: Well, what I'm saying is, Were Picasso and Gertrude Stein and Hemingway snorting coke?

Southern: No, but see in Paris, where you have an Arab population, you can turn on at the Hotel de Ville. They have the strongest hash you can get, so they had that thing in the Gide-Baudelaire tradition...

Burroughs: You sure messing up your times in this message. You got Gide and Baudelaire at the same fucking table sniffing cocaine. Why don't you throw in Villon for Christ's sake! They all had a sniff of cocaine. I think you're sniffing something stronger than that. You're sniffin' time travel, baby. You're sniffin' time travel.

Southern: Hey! Is that a big giant popper, a giant amy? *[Looking at Burroughs holding a strange object.]*

Burroughs: I was attracted by the old, old label.

Southern: Looks like a real golden oldie.

Burroughs: *[Grinning lasciviously]* Wouldn't you like to take some of this shit, man...

High Times: Well, one thing I really hate to take is Mandrax.

Southern: What is that, that's the same as Quaaludes?

High Times: Stronger than Quaaludes. The English equivalent. Stronger.

Southern: Really? How much is that? What's the street price?

High Times: I don't know. They use it a lot for seduction.

Southern: Well, I know. That's the incredible thing. Dig this for weirdness, I mean for indicativeness, whatever, but I've had at least three chicks—you know, I thought, can I come home with them? So: "Uh, listen, why don't you come up to the place with some Quaa's"—because these are people I've given Quaaludes to—"Why don't you come up with, you know, a couple of Quaa's. We'll have some fun."

They were trying to pass it off as a social thing, not a hooker thing. "I'll fuck you for two Quaaludes." Junkies used to fuck just to get—

High Times: Well, a lot of girls can't fuck without Quaaludes, for one thing.

continued on page 100

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Interview: Southern with Burroughs

continued from page 98

Southern: Right. So they keep one for their lover so they can at least fuck him.

High Times: Yeah, it seems like the most salable drug of all time is the one that is going to make sex better. Don't you think?

Burroughs: [Emphatically] No, I don't think so at all. Because the drug that's always sold the most on any market, and which will eventually replace any drug that makes sex more possible, is the drug that makes sex unnecessary, namely heroin. On an open market heroin would push marijuana, which is a fairly good sex drug, right off the market. See most people don't like sex. They want to be rid of sex. Their sex life is terrifically unsatisfactory. They have a wife who they were attracted to forty years ago. It's terrible. What do they want their sex life stimulated for? Their sex life is horrible. So heroin enables them to get rid of that drive and that's what they really want.

Southern: What was the drug you said was sexually stimulating?

Burroughs: Well, marijuana, for example. That usually makes something happen.

High Times: A good mixture of coke and marijuana can sometimes work, depending on the catalyst, I guess.

Burroughs: I don't like coke. Get high on marijuana and then a couple of poppers.

High Times: Do you like to keep poppers next to the bed?

Burroughs: Well, naturally, you see, all the young people do. They say the stink of amyl nitrate fills the halls of the hotels up at Bellows Falls. Apparently the bellboys come off in their pants.

High Times: Terry, which drug would you most like to have for yourself?

Southern: Cocaine is the most enjoyable drug for me.

High Times: What would you most like to see developed in the way of new drugs?

Southern: Well, I think it depends. It's a question of metabolism, you see.

Burroughs: If it were up to me, I would say, something that would enable you to leave your body and just go away somewhere, perhaps not even come back. It would save me a lot of trouble...

High Times: Can any of you foresee a change in the way drugs will be distributed to the people?

Burroughs: Now wait a minute. You're talking about what comes out of the drugstore? What are you talking about?

High Times: I'm talking about the people that are here and the drugs that are here and how the drugs are going to get distributed to the people who want them. How are things going to become available more easily?

Southern: The regulation of it will happen when it suits the convenience of

people. The same people who have the cost of a color TV set at \$400 while a black-and-white is \$55. It's an incredible discrepancy obviously caused by a conspiracy between the companies. They said, Well let's get rid of the whole of our color stock before we agree on this \$89 price for a color TV.

That kind of thing can happen in the dope market as well. There can be a standard of excellence. There should be standards in the organization of marijuana distribution. They would have to, because there exists this incredible market and so it's a revenue that could be well used for education by the U.S. government. If they were to tax the sale of marijuana they could gain a pretty penny, like they have on the legalization of gambling casinos. So it's only proper that that argument be used, because dope would be bought by the same people who can afford to gamble. There has to be a beginning somewhere there. Legalization could occur, but if it doesn't occur concomitantly to standardization of excellence, establishing a quality of excellence with the legalization framework, then it's better not, you see, because it just opens it up to all sorts of dolts and non-Ralph Nader-types of people, and they would be selling catnip.

High Times: Bill, earlier Terry was talking about your Hollywood meeting with Chuck Barris and how you misconstrued the whole—

Burroughs: Listen, when that Rolls started to shrink down like that . . . And I didn't like the name of his assistant, that woman called Keester, I didn't like that at all.

Southern: What?

Burroughs: [Shouting] Her name was Keester. This this this woman behind Chuck Barris. Didn't you meet her? Yeah, no kidding, her name was Keester. I thought, well, wait a minute. The guy met us at the airport and he drove us right over to meet this Keester, sitting there with Chuck Barris with these muscle guys.

High Times: Was Chuck Barris a muscle man in those days?

Southern: James Jones, James Dean, James Cagney, Norman Mailer. You know, he's like that.

High Times: He's very successful. He makes a lot of money at what he does.

Southern: I didn't tell you, Bill. I thought it might give you a coronary but I'm getting in touch with him again. I'm laying out our terms for a new project. Which I'll have you okay, naturally, before flying out there, you know, but it'll be a big car both ways. Big car both ways is the first thing. [Pounding the table] Big car both ways with video and all sorts of sense-derangement things.

Burroughs: Sounds great. Tell him we want a coke budget.

Southern: Of course! A big car both ways and a \$100,000 coke budget up front!! □

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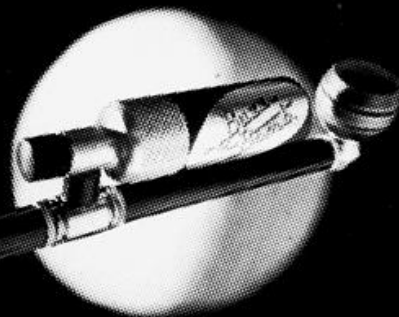
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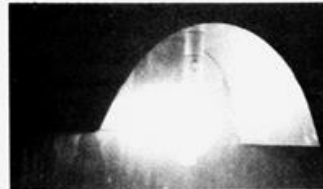


FIG. #2. ECONOMY

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Fig. #1. SUPER DELUXE FIXTURE- Includes: Spun reflector, completely wired ballast kit mounted inside weather-proof enclosure, 3 wire cord, and your choice of lamp- M1000/BU or MS1000/BU *. This fixture is precision-made and heavy-duty throughout.

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Fig. #2. ECONOMY FIXTURE- Similar to fig. #1., except the reflector is an adjustable "C" type specular Alzak and the ballast kit is to be mounted in an open configuration.

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Tuinal Corner

continued from page 52

so now they put out poison ludes. Who else could afford it? Valium goes for \$1 for a ten-mil tab, boot ludes go for \$4 to \$5 a tab. So every one of these Valium boots, with like 60 to 80 mils of diazepam in it, is really \$6 to \$8 of Valium selling for \$4 to \$5. Man, whoever's putting these things out is taking a bath. And who's dumb and rich enough to take a bath like that? The U.S. taxpayer, man. And that's the name of *that* tune," said the missile mouth.

Speed and weed are also sold. Pot, of course, is everywhere, and the dealer always tells you it's good. But if you're fast, you don't last on Tuie Corner. Many is the tale of the New Jerseyites who drive up in old muscle cars and score a bag, only to find out half way through the Lincoln Tunnel that they've just spent \$5 on a li'l brown envelope packed tightly with Bull Durham or cigarette butts. Sprayed catnip (treated with cat piss?), *real grass* (Tuie Turf), or even dirt (Union Square brown) are also popular late-night curb-service specials.

The Rasta reefer dealers who hang out on the north side of the park sell righteous reefer, however. Sad to say, one of the few busts I actually witnessed from many a day spent on the pews of the park that feel so much like jail (I wonder why) was a quiet Rastafarian who was handcuffed and marched away by two beefy plainclothesmen, whilst the Tuie touts brassily hawked their wares nearby. (Every now and then a Rasta will move a couple of suitcases full of Jamaican through Kennedy International Airport, good russet brown weed grown by his own homefolks, and try to peddle it some place open, like Tuie Corner. Since the cops, reportedly, don't want to see the Rastas murdered by the Colombian wholesalers with mob connections, they tend to pick off these independent entrepreneurs, sort of for their own good.)

Actually, there are good drugs of all kinds to be had here, if you know where to go, and you're cool. As a rule, the dealers have them simply because they take them, and keep the best for themselves and their friends. There's also a guy here called Roadrunner, who'll sell you an airplane ticket to anywhere in the world half-price. Depending on the day, there are also half-price bargain sales on hot goods liberated from Mays department store, located just across the street, for your shoplifting convenience.

Who buys these drugs? Mostly white folks who aren't low-down enough to qualify for Medicaid cards, but like the down head and can afford to pay the inflated prices. Weekend party people keep Tuinal Corner open late into Friday and Saturday nights. The booze and barb blend that killed off so much talent in the past is still popular with some of the area's nightclub patrons—some people never learn—and the truly motivated dealer can cash in on this

What's funny is to hear strung-out barb freaks talk about methadone with all the contempt of a Parisian visitor ranking out California Beaujolais.

big. They stroll over to Max's Kansas City and stand right at the door like barkers shouting, "Ups and downs!"

"It sure saves on the bar tab, if you wanna get *really* loaded," a young Ron Wood clone sporting a rooster shag layered haircut, a Tiger tattoo, and tight black T-shirt told me, washing down a few reds with his Heineken and slipping a quarter into the Bally Flip Flop machine.

Willie once told me he went to Kansas City to relax over a beer. "When I pay, I happen to pull out my pill bottle with a wad of bills. 'Hey, you got the blues and reds,' said my barstool neighbor. 'Huh? Blues and reds?,' I said. I'd never heard 'em called that. 'Tuinals.' And he bought 'em *all* from me for \$5 apiece," Willie beamed. The Tuinals cost Willie about 40 cents apiece.

The Palladium, down 14th Street across from Burger King where the Placidyl zombies hang out, is also an easy target. When Joe Jackson or the Boomtown Rats play there, there's sure to be downer dealers working the line outside for pill and pot sales.

It's harder to generalize about the park's buyers than sellers. Many different types come here. On a single afternoon, sitting on the Union Square park benches, I saw a white girl with long, Bombay black hair, black T-shirt with the Rolls-Royce logo across the front, black leather

jacket, black scarf around her neck, black shoogy skin-tight pants, and fishnet stockings (black, natch), who can barely walk in her black, spike heels, wobbling around saying, "I need 30 Valiums for my head. I want a package deal," in a desperate whine.

A couple of businessmen in three-piece suits come in on their lunch hour to buy a joint and smoke it on a bench. A gaggle of working girls do the same.

A jock in a jogging suit buys a bunch of black beauties. The dealer warns him not to take more than two. He takes them all. Within an hour, he's betting people how fast he can run to 23rd Street and back. After another hour of quick round trips, he has to be scraped off the sidewalk by the St. Vincent's Hospital Paramedic squad. On any good dealing day, the St. Vincent's emergency van visits the corner at least three times, all efficiency, all in a day's work, to take the overdoses off to the respirator units.

A blond stewardess-type who is paid for the painted-on plastic-smile look walks smack into the middle of the park, fearless as a Doberman, probably scoring ups to put on the smile, or downs to take it off. Though it's traditional park macho to hassle women, the man selling drugs to a woman is always the gentleman. Business before pleasure.

There's a guy stumbling around in circles saying, "Who got methadone? You got methadone?" He hasn't made it out of a 50-foot radius for the past half hour, asking the same people over and over for his methadone. His teeth are chipped, and there are fresh scars and bruises all over his face, and homemade India ink and razor blade tattoos on his arm. *La vida loco*.

The cops' relationship to all this is mostly to leave it alone, unless it's an election year or unless there are complaints. But who's gonna complain in a park full of nothing but dealers and buyers? When violence flares, as it regularly does, whether involving rival ethnic drug clans rumbling over turf, or a buyer who's been beat coming back for revenge, the general consensus around the 13th Precinct is that these people deserve whatever they get. And they're right, ethically at least. It's a culture of outlaws administered by same. **THIS PARK CLOSSES AT DUSK, warn police signs at all the park's entrances for all those who can read. Enter at your own risk.**

"They've also learned we're here to stay," Willie's friend T-Bone tells me. "Last year they hit us three days in a row, rounding up everybody they

continued on page 104

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Tuinal Corner

continued from page 103

could catch into the paddy wagon. But they found out we just rolled straight back. This is our park."

The surrounding community isn't too happy about this. An invasion of "parasitic... drug addicts, pushers, and other criminals," declaimed one petition circulating around the posh West Village, was threatening *their* almighty turf! Their naive attitude is remove the people and you remove the problem. Give 'em some kind of vanishing pill. And the real problem is invisible, or at least not as noticeable and obvious as a Placidyl parasite stumbling on the corner.

The problem is at the top with the immoral, crooked Medicaid-fraud doctors who write out 'scripts for people like Willie faster than a coked-up HIGH TIMES scribe hacking away at a deadline. These croakers can make more writing up phony 'scripts than practicing real medicine. Willie has never seen a real patient yet in one of his doctors' several reception rooms, and they're *always* full of pillheads.

Then, there are the numerous methadone clinics that dot nearby Second Avenue like old scars in a junkie's veins. A methadone patient, strapped for cash, can always step down his or her dose a little for a few weeks, and retail the surplus dope through Tuine Corner. A fortnight of mild sniffles and cramps, and maybe you've got the down payment on a decent, nonlunatic apartment, all to yourself.

What's funny is to hear strung-out barb freaks talk about methadone with all the contempt of a Parisian vintner ranking out California Beaujolais. Everybody in the square seems to know, for instance, that Hitler's chemists originally invented methadone and called it dolophine, after Adolf himself. Most of these people are liable to give up the ghost inside of ten years—from ODs, murder, blundering stoned into a 14th Street crosstown bus, or just plain malnutrition—but the last thing they'd ever *consider* is signing up for a long, straight life on methadone maintenance.

"You can kick a smack habit in three days," sneers Willie. "Methadone, good luck kicking that shit ever." Willie's facts here aren't far off, but he's ignored the basic junkie condition in the first place. "If you're ever into the shit for two years, you're a junkie for life, in most cases," Ira Jaffe reminds me. Then, Willie's contempt for methadone may be subtly influenced by the fact that it's the state interfering with private enterprise. No

jive pusher could ever move enough 2-percent street smack to feed a methadone patient's 200 per diem maintenance jones. Simple as that.

By Willie's pillosophy, methadone is an evil agent of the state to keep the dangerous people mellow as Jell-O. "They're building people's tolerances up until they're vegetables, not toning them down." Watching a black outpatient score a few loose jays and sheepishly decline repeated offers of cut-rate Placidyl, Willie snorts oracularly, "A chicken used to be able to fly, but it's been so long, he's forgotten how."

"Why do you think they're doing this?"

"Haven't you heard? It's to keep us niggers from stealing your people's television sets."

At this writing, there's a war going on in Union Square Park. *Besides* the cops cracking down on the pushers because of the upcoming election, there's a race war between the blacks and the Puerto Ricans over turf dominance. A black dealer was stabbed to death in the past week, and Willie doesn't see the situation improving, or *any* hope for his people for that matter.

"If it was a football game, where would your money be?" I asked Willie.

"On the Puerto Ricans," he answered without hesitation. "They're younger, pushier, and hang together in gangs, and they aren't afraid to die. I hate to say it, but a soul brother—it's all he can do to keep his own shit together, let alone looking after his brothers. We've learned, growing up in the ghettos, that it's everyone for himself. But them Puerto Ricans stick together. Shit, I don't see why they gotta wanna hog it all—there's enough money out here for *everybody*. Two years ago it was just blacks and whites. Puerto Ricans didn't even know what a pill was."

We paused, walking back from the liquor store, through one of Willie's rare treks through the park, to watch as a young Puerto Rican dealer—one of the new high tech-breed pushers who rides a ten-speed bicycle and keeps his stash rolled into the bottom of his elastic-cuffed jogging pants—was proceeding to wallop an older black dealer with a bike chain with a heavy padlock on the end, while crowds of lunch hour tokers and jokers looked on.

"If we ever go to war with Iran or Afghanistan or one of them countries," Willie stopped to pillosophize, "they should back the truck right up to Tuinal Corner and start the draft right here, because *these* motherfuckers'll fight for drugs!" □

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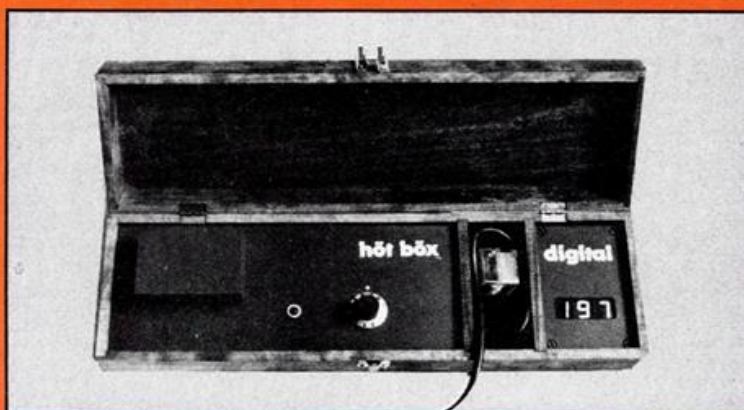
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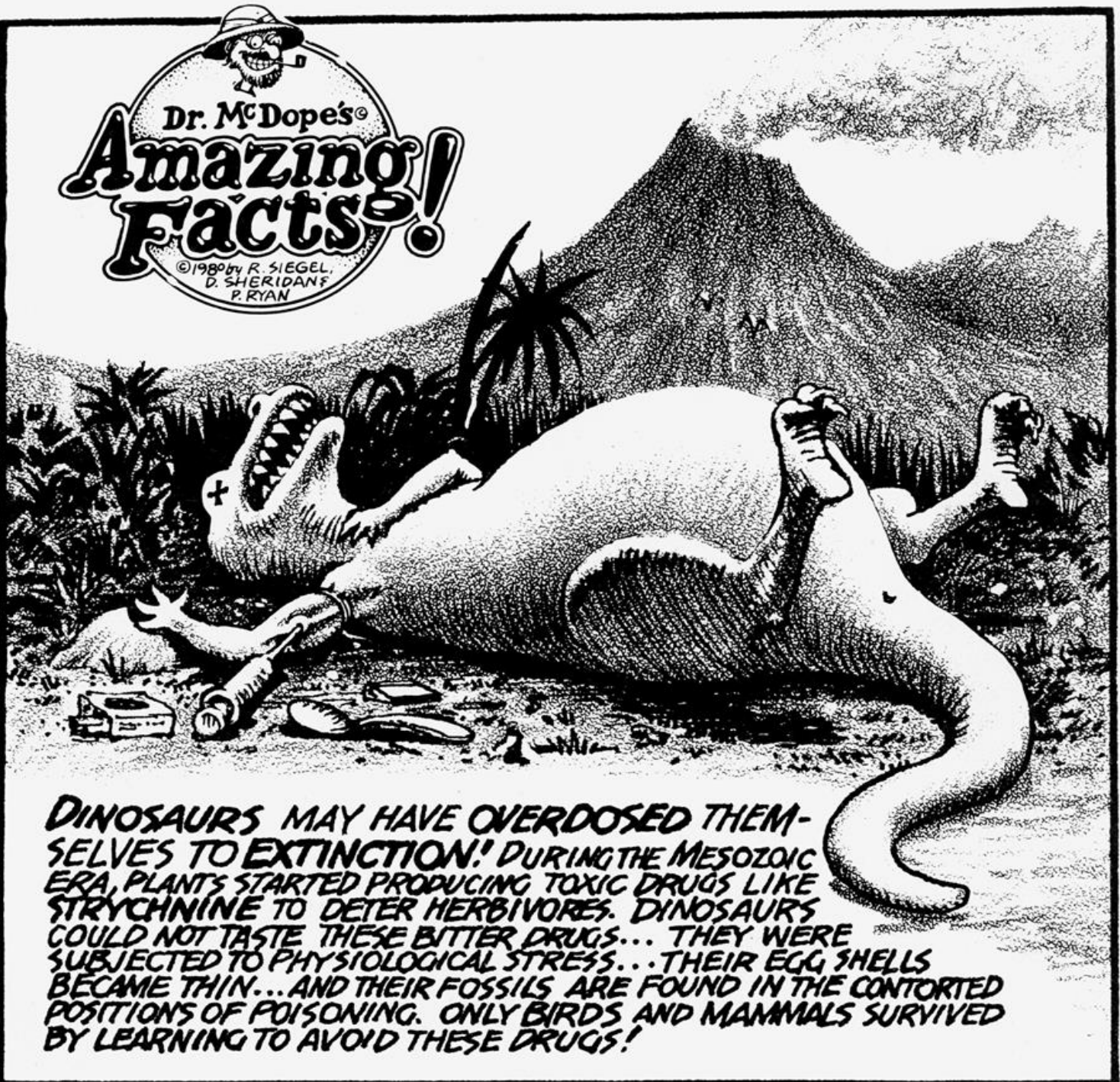
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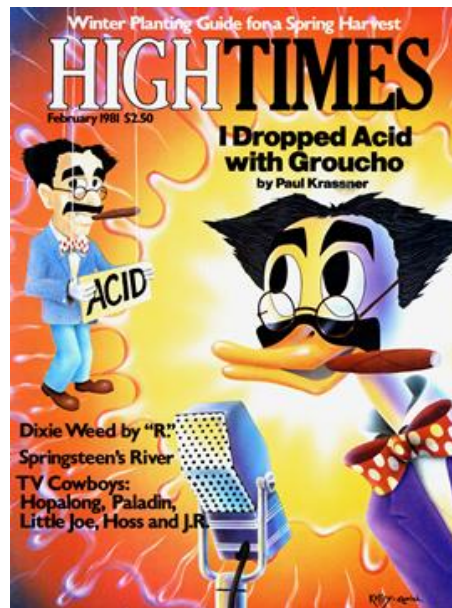
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High Times

FEBRUARY 1981



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